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It will be remembered that in Sir DAVID BREWSTER's celebrated attack upon Mr. HUME he mentioned Mrs. TROLLOPE as one of the party present upon the occasion, and stated that he could not think of what took place with reference to her without "unmingled pain," inferring that the pretended revelations of Mr. HUME had grossly offended her. Mrs. TROLLOPE now writes to say that, "After many opportunities of witnessing and investigating the phenomena caused by, or happening to, Mr. HUME, I am wholly convinced that, be what may their origin and cause and nature, they are not produced by any fraud, machinery, juggling, illusion, or trickery on his part." This testimony is certainly more to the point than the violent language of Mr. SALA.

One of the greatest desiderata to the students of English Literature is undoubtedly a good Bibliographical-biographical Dictionary: such a work as will enable the student to ascertain by reference the leading particulars of any author's life, and the names and editions of the various works written by him. A German named OETLINGER has lately done good service to literature by preparing, with that careful labour which seems to be the peculiar property of his race, a dictionary in which, under the name of every celebrated person, may be found the principal works in all languages which contain any reference to him. If, for instance, the student wishes for any information respecting HANDEL, he has only to turn to that name, under the letter "H," and he will find arranged in order the titles of a large number of works which contain something or other about that great composer; and so of almost every celebrated person known. We need hardly say that this is a very useful book, and of the greatest service to the student, the journalist, and the man of letters.

Some fifteen years ago there was a plan on foot among some of the principal bookselling firms in London to get up an extensive Bibliographical-biographical Dictionary, such as might rank as a national work and be a lasting monument for ever to the glory of English literature. The plan was vast and comprehensive. The work was to be founded, we believe, upon Dr. CHAMBERS's Dictionary, and was to be entrusted to the first men of the day, each man to his own speciality. Ten thousand pounds was to be subscribed among the booksellers for the execution of the work, and Mr. SOUTHEY was to be the editor to whose direction the whole was to be submitted. The plan was feasible and had so much prospect of success that, but for the overweening spirit of interference which actuated one of the bookselling magnates of the day, we believe that this great work would be now actually in existence. It seems, however, that the late JOHN MURRAY attended a meeting of the promoters and proposed to take half the scheme off their hands, to which proposition his interest and influence were so great at the time that they could not well refuse to accede, and the plan was accordingly announced, by prospectus, upon that footing. Guess, however, the amazement of the booksellers at finding their scheme announced in the next number of *The Quarterly*, as exclusively the property of Mr. MURRAY. In vain they expostulated; in vain they attempted to bring the despot of Albemarle-street to reason; he commanded the market; he had SOUTHEY, and HALLAM, and LOCKHART—in a word, all the best men—under his thumb; and the work could never prosper against his opposition. The consequence was that they abandoned their plan, and we need hardly say that Mr. MURRAY never prosecuted *his*. This is one of the many benefits for which the nation is indebted to this patron of letters.

But that which the entire bookselling trade, minus Mr. MURRAY, could not effect, a Phila-

delphian gentleman has been quietly, to some extent, executing in distant America. Mr. S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE, by great and conscientious labour, extending over a long period of time, has completed the compilation of "*A Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American Authors, Living and Deceased, from the Earliest Accounts to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century*." Some sheets of this work having been shown to us, we are enabled to give some account of its nature and plan. In the first place, it will contain upwards of *thirty thousand names*—a larger number than has ever been collected before in any similar work. *Watts's Bibliotheca* contains rather less than 23,000 names, and *Chalmers's* has only 9000. In the next place, each name has a short biographical notice appended; and in many cases critical observations, mostly extracted from well-known and respectable sources, are appended to the lists of works. One volume of fifteen hundred closely but clearly printed pages will be the full extent of the work, which will thus be within the reach of those whose means do not permit them to purchase large and expensive works. It would be too much to expect perfection in such a task, executed by a single hand; but, from what we have seen, we have no hesitation in predicting that Mr. ALLIBONE's Dictionary will be a most valuable work.

The heir of the house of Derby has created some sensation by his letter to Sir WILLOUGHBY JONES, broaching a very notable scheme for the cultivation of the popular mind. The scheme is not altogether new, but it is undoubtedly put with great force by Lord STANLEY. The leading feature consists in the establishment of public libraries throughout the country, in such places that their influence shall be felt not only in the great towns, but in the most remote and insignificant villages. The letter to Sir WILLOUGHBY JONES, bears special reference to the peasants of Norfolk, and a scheme on foot at Fakenham, in that county, for the formation of a lending library. Lord STANLEY pronounces this to be the proper solution of the education question, inasmuch as "it is idle to expect that persons who have no access to books, and who, therefore, seldom or never read, will take pains to see that their children acquire the power of reading;" public libraries, he thinks, either free or at low subscriptions, will set this right, and beget a taste for reading, and make intellectual occupation a habit among the peasantry. Will this be so? We doubt it. *The Times* says very aptly, that it is a very good plan, but not the plan; that it may be "Open Barley," but it certainly is not "Open Sesame." In the first place, we hold it to be a very erroneous presumption, that a taste for reading is *natural* to the uneducated. Why, it does not prevail even among the educated classes—at least, a taste for healthy reading does not—how then can it exist to any great extent lower down? The first draughts at the spring of knowledge are ever bitter and distasteful, and a man must have persevered who loves knowledge for her own sake. The cheap publications which circulate largely among the operative classes give some indication of the popular taste. They are eagerly devoured; but only because they treat of topics capable of seizing and fascinating rude, passionate, and uncultivated minds. What chance would MACAULAY's "History" stand with such readers, when put into competition with the exciting pages of "Ada the Betrayed?" Lending Libraries may be very good things in their way, but we put it to Lord STANLEY whether to begin with them is not reversing the proper order of things—is not, in fact, attempting to put on the roof before you have laid the foundations? Teach men *how* to read first; supply them with books afterwards.

The PRINCE CONSORT's appearance at Birmingham on the 22nd ult. was in connection with a movement decidedly hopeful and encouraging. The scheme of the Midland Institute, as described in its President's address to PRINCE ALBERT, is "to combine the general features of a Literary and Scientific Institution with those of a School of Industrial Design."

In the former department provision will be made for libraries, reading-rooms, museums of geology, mineralogy, and natural history, for collections of fine art manufactures, machinery, and mining records, and for lectures and discussions on literary and scientific subjects.

The industrial department, which has received the approval and assistance of the Board of Trade department of science and art, has been already opened with considerable success; it provides syste-

matic lectures and class instruction in mathematics, mechanics, chemistry, and other branches of science which are specially applicable to the manufacturing and mining operations of the district.

It is also intended to provide in the same building improved accommodation for the Government School of Ornamental Art, which has long been established in Birmingham with the happiest success.

There can be little need to enlarge upon the advantages of such a scheme as this. The precise difference between a Mechanics' Institution and Lord STANLEY's pet plan is, that in the one case the higher classes patronisingly volunteer educational aid to the workers; in the other, means are provided, at the request of the workers themselves, for which they are able and willing to pay out of their own pockets. The PRINCE CONSORT's speeches, delivered upon the occasion, are models of graceful and accomplished elocution.

The decision of Vice-Chancellor Sir W. P. WOOD, in the case of *Chappell v. Davidson*, is an important illustration of copyright law, although the subject-matter directly in dispute was musical. The plaintiffs (better known as JULLIEN and Co.) took an American air called "Lilly Dale," and, after having it reset and new words written to it, they published it under the name of "Minnie," and made it popular by engaging Madame THILLON to sing it at JULLIEN's concerts. The defendant, who is the proprietor of *Davidson's Musical Treasury*, afterwards inserted in that publication a song, which he called "Minnie, dear Minnie," and which has been pronounced to be a mere colourable imitation of the plaintiff's song; inasmuch as it adopted the new setting and alterations which the original air had undergone. Upon these grounds the vice-chancellor granted an injunction, thus securing to Messrs. CHAPPELL the property in their alterations. It is clear, however, that Mr. DAVIDSON might have taken the original American air, and have treated it in any manner he pleased, provided only that he avoided Messrs. CHAPPELL's original alterations.

The publishing world is still full of gossip about the marvels of Mr. MACAULAY's forthcoming volumes, and there is some reason to believe that the demand will not fall far short of the number which was authoritatively pronounced to be an exaggeration. It is said one circulating library alone will take 2500 copies; and it is clear that almost all who possess the two former volumes (which went through ten editions) will become purchasers of the third and fourth. A correspondent of the *Times* makes it a matter of complaint against Mr. MACAULAY that, whereas the price of the first and second volumes was only thirty-two shillings, that of the forthcoming volumes is advertised as thirty-six. It may possibly turn out that the enlarged bulk of these volumes may account for the difference of price; but should it be otherwise, we do not imagine

that many purchasers will carp at the additional price. The *Times* correspondent says, speaking of Mr. MACAULAY: "I reverence his genius and his glory too much to believe that he can look for his recompense in anything beyond the proud consciousness of having produced a work destined to delight and instruct the last generations of mankind." This is all very well, but "fine words butter no parsnips;" and we imagine that neither the correspondent in question, nor the editor of the *Times*, would be content to depend upon posterity for the reward of the labour of their lives. Why should literary men be the only labourers on the earth who are expected to work gratis.

Not many days ago we received a short pamphlet signed "Detective," and published by Mr. JOHN RUSSELL SMITH, of Soho-square. It was, in effect, an attack upon Mr. J. P. COLLIER, impugning the veracity of statements lately made by him with respect to certain notes of lectures upon SHAKSPEARE, delivered by COLERIDGE, which Mr. COLLIER declared had been taken by himself when he attended the lectures, and which notes, singularly enough, appear strongly to support the "new readings" in Mr. COLLIER's celebrated *old copy*. The tone of the pamphlet appeared to us to be temperate and argumentative; and although, if the premises be true, it may lead to conclusions not very agreeable to Mr. COLLIER, that is the result of the reasoning and not of the language. It appeared, moreover, that "Detective" had published his letter in pamphlet shape, because it had been refused insertion by the *Athenæum*.—Mr. COLLIER's principal support. More lately we have received a communication from Mr. J. RUSSELL SMITH, announcing that, so far as his name as publisher is concerned, he begs to withdraw the pamphlet. No reason for this extraordinary course is given, and we must confess that we do not well see how a pamphlet once published and issued can be withdrawn. If Mr. SMITH is convinced that the attack against Mr. COLLIER is unjust and untrue, why not state as much? As it stands, the whole affair is full of suspicious elements, and we strongly suspect that Mr. SMITH has been intimidated by the supposed influence of the clique whose principles are opposed in this pamphlet.

Among the accustomed announcements of new undertakings to appear on the 1st of January, the most notable is of a new monthly magazine, to be called *The Idler*. Considering that this name was once borne by a periodical to which the learning of JOHNSON gave weight, and the sprightliness of LANGTON wit, there is some apparent boldness in its adoption. The promoter, however, seems to labour under no want of confidence, if we may judge by his professions. "*The Idler* is about to be started (says he) because, in an age of cheap literature, most magazines are dear; and, in an age when everybody reads,

most magazines are unreadable. It seems to the promoter that all our popular literature has been too timid of late, the satirical element has been strangely idle, and with the saddest results. But the time has come to treat the corruptions of the world with the old weapons, and to prepare for the enemies of truth and justice a rod pickled in classic brine." After such professions the standard of our expectations will naturally be high; but we must confess that experience has taught us to distrust these loud self-trumpets, and not very modest endeavours to decry the merit of established rivals. We notice that the Author of "Singleton Fontenoy," in other words Mr. JAMES HANNAY, is mentioned as a contributor.

Our contemporary *Notes and Queries*, by that liberal reception of miscellaneous communications which is necessary to its function in the world of letters, not unfrequently falls a victim either to the ignorance or waggishness of its correspondents. A most conspicuous example of this occurred the other day in the publication of a list of celebrities, furnished and signed by a Mr. WILLIAM JOHN FITZ-PATRICK. This list appears to have been prepared with reference to the well-known and long-known fact lately discovered by a correspondent to *Notes and Queries*, that WELLINGTON, SOULT, CASTLEREAGH, NAPOLEON, CHATEAUBRIAND, CUVIER, and SCOTT, were all born in the same year (1769). To cap this, Mr. FITZ-PATRICK's list professes to contain all the remarkable persons born in the same year from 1748 to 1821; asterisks being prefixed to the names of such persons as are now alive; those not so distinguished being, of course, dead. A more extraordinary production, both as regards the selection of the names and the accuracy of the information respecting them, it would be difficult to imagine. Among the persons marked as alive we find LORD DENMAN (the judge), HENRY CLAY, and ARAGO; while SHERIDAN KNOWLES, LEIGH HUNT, SIR DE LACY EVANS, MEYERBEER, CHARLES KNIGHT, and EMILE DE GIRARDIN, will be surprised to hear, upon Mr. FITZ-PATRICK's authority, that they are dead. Among the celebrated persons named we find the Earl of WESTMORELAND (born, oddly enough, in the same year with PAGANINI), C. W. DILKE, CHARLES KEAN, MARTIN TUPPER, N. P. WILLIS, and Mr. JAMES GRANT, described as being the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*. Mr. S. C. HALL, editor of the *Art Journal*, is also specified as a celebrity, but he also is marked as dead. Judged by this standard, there must be some thousands of such celebrities in London alone, and as the generations of man are but limited in extent, it follows of necessity that many of them must have been born in the same year. Apart from the uselessness of such speculations, do they not hold up legitimate research to ridicule and contempt? L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Henry Fielding; with Notices of his Writings and his Contemporaries. By FREDERICK LAWRENCE, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

OUR English literature can boast of three prose fictions, respecting which it would be as well for modern critics that they should consent to be silent—seeing that all they can do is to endorse the popular opinion long since pronounced as to their excellence. Need we say that we refer to "Robinson Crusoe," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Tom Jones?" The two former are so completely *sui generis* that there is no judging of them by comparison with anything else. "Tom Jones," however, is a novel of every-day life, challenging comparison with a hundred others in the same category, and—as a picture of life and manners, for knowledge of human nature, for traits of humour and pathos, for such perfect construction of plot, that up to the very last chapter the reader is kept in suspense as to "whether the hero is to be married or hanged"—excelling them all. Had Fielding never written anything but "Tom Jones," who is there that would not wish to know something about the author's own "battle of life?" But, happily,

this, although the greatest, is not the only production of his genius that fairly entitles him to a loving biographical record. To most of us he is also dear as the author of "Joseph Andrews," of "Amelia," and "Jonathan Wild the Great;" to some few as a dramatist; and to others as an essayist and honest politician; while all ought to feel indebted to him for his active exertions as a police magistrate in repressing crime and doing what he could to reform our criminal code.

It is just a century since Henry Fielding died, and during that long period, although his name has been everywhere a household word, no fit memorial of his life has been presented to the public until just now.

Mr. LAWRENCE is a most painstaking biographer, and a hearty but discriminating admirer of Fielding. He is intimately acquainted with the manners and customs of the age in which the novelist lived, and has shown all diligence in gathering up every fact respecting him that he could anywhere discover so as to make the narrative as complete as possible. To effect this, he has often been obliged to look for his information in what might seem the most unpromising quarters. Not only are the friends and enemies of the novelist made to contribute each their quota; but the journals of the period, the annals

of the stage, the memoirs of distinguished statesmen, poets, actors, lawyers and others his contemporaries as well. With respect to each of these also Mr. LAWRENCE has, in general, something to tell us that gives to his work a pleasant anecdotal character.

Henry Fielding was born in the year 1707 at Sharpsham Park, near Glastonbury, in the county of Somerset. His father was an officer in the army, who eventually attained to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and his family was of some distinction, as being related to that of the Earls of Denbigh. The future novelist was educated at Eton, in company with Lord Lyttleton, Lord Chatham, Henry Fox, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and other distinguished characters. Here he distinguished himself by his proficiency in Greek and Latin; but, being intended by his father for the bar, he was sent, at about the age of seventeen, to study the civil law at Leyden. At Leyden he continued for two years, when, through want of supplies from his father, he was obliged to return to England. Accordingly to London he came, determined, like many others, to earn his bread as an author. "Scarcely twenty years old, with a vigorous constitution, as yet uninjured by dissipation, a remarkable capacity for labour and bodily endurance, a fine

wit, and lively disposition, he found himself his own master, with the town and all its pleasures and distinctions before him. Thus situated, the bent of his inclinations and the force of circumstances hurried him into authorship, and he naturally preferred the liveliest and most exciting branch of an author's trade—that of writing for the stage."

Fielding's first comedy was entitled "Love in several Masques." It was produced in February, 1728, when the author had not attained his twenty-first year. It was only moderately successful, although the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield performed in it. Mr. Lawrence thus speaks of

FIELDING'S FIRST COMEDY.

In style and sentiment the comedy of "Love in several Masques" was obviously modelled on the productions of Congreve. But Fielding lacked the judgment and brilliancy of that distinguished wit, whilst he possessed little skill in the construction and development of his fable, to compensate for any defects in the dialogue. His *dramatis personæ* were for the most part without art, order, or method. Still, with all its defects, the first work of Henry Fielding is not without characteristic excellencies. . . . It is worthy of remark that the young author, in the prologue to his first comedy (with an amusing air of self-satisfaction), takes credit to himself for the moral tendency of his scenes. But in this respect they were not certainly above the level of the age. In spite of his promise—

Nought shall offend the fair one's ears to-day,
Which she might blush to hear or blush to say—

his drama was by no means deficient in the indecencies which were then considered to give a zest to humour. The truth is, that Fielding could not afford to be dull; and decorum was in that age considered synonymous with dullness. Had his play been less piquant and more moral, he might have wanted occupation for some years to come. As it was, he acquired the marketable reputation of a wit, without, in all probability, offending the delicacy of the "fair ones" who honoured his comedy with their countenance.

Such as it was, the comedy was published with a dedication to Lady Mary Montague, who was a kinsman of the author and an ardent admirer of his genius.

In the same year Fielding published a satire entitled "The Masquerade," which was directed chiefly against Count Heidegger, the director of the Italian Opera. Of this adventurer, Mr. Lawrence tells us the following anecdote:

COUNT HEIDEGGER.

Heidegger's personal ugliness was most remarkable, and he had wit and good sense enough to make it a subject of pleasantry. "He was the first," it is said, "to joke upon his own ugliness; and he once laid a wager with the Earl of Chesterfield that, within a certain given time, his Lordship would not be able to produce so hideous a face in all London. After strict search, a woman was found whose features were at first thought uglier than Heidegger's; but, upon clapping her head-dress upon himself, he was universally allowed to have won the wager." When, on another occasion, an aristocratic tailor named Jolly—not remarkable for his handsome features—presented his bill (no doubt a very long one) to a noble duke, he was met by the passionate exclamation—"Curse your ugly face, I'll never pay you till you bring an uglier fellow than yourself!" The tailor bowed, retired, and wrote immediately to Heidegger, telling him that his Grace wished to see him on particular business the next morning. The Count attended in obedience to this summons, and found Jolly there before him, who, by this ingenious device, obtained his cash, and raised a hearty laugh at Heidegger's expense, in which the Count joined with the utmost gusto and good humour.

Fielding's next production was "The Temple Beau," which was played at Goodman's Fields in Jan. 1730, and was followed by "The Author's Farce, with a Puppet-Show, called the Pleasures of the Town," produced at the Haymarket in March. Mr. Lawrence gives a slight sketch of each of these, as well as of the other dramatic productions of Fielding, written chiefly during the early part of his career, and between twenty and thirty in number. There is not much, however, to be said in their favour, unless, with Mr. Lawrence, we except "The Mock Doctor," and "The Miser." These, however, were merely adaptations from Molière; and, although they may "afford an emphatic proof of Fielding's good taste and just sense of propriety, when his better genius had fair play," it cannot be pretended that they have any sound claims upon our admiration.

For some time Fielding gained a precarious livelihood by thus writing for the stage. Even this source of income, however, began to fail him in his twenty-sixth year, owing to the superior attractions of the opera, which at this time very much depressed the English drama and all con-

neeted with it. Fielding suffered in common with the rest; but at the same time received, no doubt, some pecuniary assistance from his aristocratic friends. Among these are mentioned the Dukes of Richmond, Argyle, and Roxburgh, as well as his Eton schoolfellow, Lord Lyttleton. "But that assistance," says Mr. Lawrence, "came in too questionable a shape to be altogether satisfactory to the recipient. Besides, if there were nothing humiliating in receiving the alms of the great, such means of support are at best most uncertain. A man of genius or talent, however witty and agreeable, is often 'cut' by his wealthy acquaintances, if he is eternally begging or borrowing guineas." Mr. Lawrence goes on to present us with the following brief sketch of

FIELDING'S EARLY STRUGGLES.

A strange alternation, therefore, of light and shade did these early years of Fielding's life present. Today, familiar with the sordid haunts of poverty; tomorrow, gay in velvet, ruffles, and embroidery. Now dining at the tables of the great, and quaffing champagne in ducal banquet-halls; and now seeking out the cheapest ordinary; or, if dinner were impossible, solacing himself with a pipe of tobacco. This is no imaginary picture. Fielding's youthful portrait has been sketched by a contemporary limner, and will bear out this description line for line. An anonymous satire (published about this time) thus records his sudden transformations from the grub to the butlerly condition:—

F—g, who yesterday appear'd so rough,
Clad in coarse frieze, and plaister'd down with snuff;
See how his instant gaudy trappings shine!
What playhouse bard was ever seen so fine!
But this not from his humour flows, you'll say,
But mere necessity: for last night lay
In pawn the velvet which he wears to-day.

But, although the exertions of the dramatist were at this time rewarded with little enough of solid pudding, he received his full share of praise.

If not amassing cash, however, at this period, but, on the contrary, finding it a hard business to live at all, Fielding was gradually acquiring that experience of life which he was soon to turn to so good account in his novels. But we must not anticipate.

In the twenty-seventh year of his age Fielding married a Miss Cradock, one of three sisters, celebrated as the belles of Salisbury. With her he received a marriage portion of 1500*l*. "Nor was this his only dependence. A small estate, situated at East Stour, in Dorsetshire, had come into his possession after his mother's death, and offered him and his young bride an asylum in the country." Being thus endowed with a moderate competence, Fielding might have been happy, "could he have acted out some of his own common-sense notions of life; but as it was, with the characteristic infirmity of genius, he escaped from one set of errors only to plunge into follies no less egregious, ruinous, and ridiculous." Mr. Lawrence thus describes for us

THE EARLY MARRIED LIFE OF FIELDING.

Soon after his marriage, Fielding settled in Dorsetshire, and commenced a new course of life. The experiment was attended with some difficulties, and, unluckily, he stumbled at the very outset. Though neither qualified by nature or education for a hermit, a life of comparative privacy and seclusion was that best adapted to his limited means and intellectual tastes. Instead of this, he preposterously resolved to become a squire of the first magnitude. His ambition was to be talked about. He determined to show the rude squirearchy of Dorset how superior to their order was a London-bred gentleman. Accordingly, Squire Fielding soon began to create a sensation in the country. His mansion was the scene of profuse hospitality and riotous enjoyment. His horses and hounds were numbered amongst the glories of the neighbourhood. His equipage outvied in splendour and elegance the carriages of his richer neighbours, and the yellow liveries of his serving-men were long held in remembrance. The selection of such a colour was characteristic of Fielding's extravagance. Yellow plush, however splendid, proved by no means an economical article of attire for a careless lackey. . . .

Such was Fielding's household. It may be asked how it was that Mrs. Fielding—the Salisbury beauty—did not, with a woman's quick sense of propriety, interfere to check this ridiculous extravagance. Alas! it is to be feared that, from vanity or weakness, she abetted him in his follies; or, at the most, confined herself to a timid remonstrance, without venturing on a firm expostulation. Poor girl! her fortune was soon dissipated to the winds; run away with by horses and hounds; lavished on yellow plush inexpressibles for idle flunkies; banqueting on by foolish squires; or consumed by other senseless extravagances.

The result was, that Fielding was sold up in about a year's time, and had to return to London and commence life afresh. To his rôle of

dramatic author he now added that of manager, and wrote and produced on the stage some satirical pieces directed chiefly against Sir Robert Walpole, the minister of the day. The minister, however, was too powerful for him, and a Bill was introduced into Parliament for curbing the licentiousness of the stage. Although Chesterfield and others spoke strongly against it, the Bill was passed, and "Fielding resolved to relinquish all further dalliance with the comic muse, and to devote himself to the law." With this view he was entered a student of the Middle Temple in Michaelmas Term, 1737.

Fielding now devoted himself with much energy to the study of the law. At the same time he became connected with "The Champion," a periodical conducted on the model of the "Spectator" and "Tatler." To this he contributed numerous essays, which have been highly spoken of. In 1740 he was called to the bar, and went the Western Circuit. Of the bench and the bar at this period Mr. Lawrence tells several amusing anecdotes, for which, however, we must refer the reader to his pages, while we hurry on to the appearance of his first novel.

This was "Joseph Andrews," first published in 1742, and written during the latter months of the previous year.

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

Though Fielding's principal object (says Mr. Lawrence), in the composition of "Joseph Andrews," was to caricature "Pamela," by presenting a picture of male virtue in humble life, as a ludicrous counterpart of Richardson's sketch, another and much higher design was included in his plan. From his youth, as we have seen, he had been a warm admirer of Cervantes and his wonderful book "Don Quixote." His earliest literary effort had been to identify with English scenes, in a dramatic form, the humour of the greatest of European romance-writers; and it is not, therefore, to be marvelled at that, in his first novel, he should endeavour to imitate the manner, and catch a portion of the spirit, of his idol. To present an English parallel to the adventures of the chivalrous Don suggested itself to his mind; and he created a hero calculated, like the Don, to afford amusement to his readers, without ever forfeiting their esteem.

His next work of importance was the "History of the Life of the late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great," which was printed in the third volume of Fielding's "Miscellanies," in 1743. Of this Mr. Lawrence observes: "This is certainly the least agreeable of all his fictions. Its scathing satire and bitter truisms remind one rather of the manner of Swift than of the genial humour of the author of 'Joseph Andrews' and 'Tom Jones.' Nevertheless, it must be conceded that none of his works display greater shrewdness of observation; and in none do we meet with sounder philosophical reflections."

In 1743 Fielding lost his wife. "Whilst thus busily employed," says his biographer, "hanging on to the law, but subsisting mainly by literature, Fielding was stunned by a calamity which seemed to fill up the measure of his misfortunes. The wife to whom he was so tenderly attached had been for some time a confirmed invalid. The flower of New Sarum gradually faded in the huge 'brick desert' where she had, like a true woman, faithfully shared her husband's fortunes." At length, "after many months of declining health, she caught a fever, it is said, and died in his arms." For some time Fielding was inconsolable under this heavy loss. In 1745, however, we find him editing a paper, in defence of the Whig interests, with all his accustomed vigour. This was entitled *The True Patriot*, which exhibits Fielding to us in the character of a political writer of a very high order. On this being discontinued he started another journal, called *The Jacobite Journal*, in which he also did good service to the cause of constitutional government.

We must hurry over the subsequent events in Fielding's career. In 1748 he was appointed a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex and Westminster, at the instance of his friend Lord Lyttleton, and not, as has been sometimes alleged, in reward for his political services to the Government. Fielding showed himself to be an active and exemplary magistrate. It was an office rather looked down upon previously; but such a man knew how to invest it with a becoming dignity. Not the least interesting chapter in the work before us is that which Mr. Lawrence has devoted to Fielding in his magisterial capacity, in which he takes occasion to bring under our notice the condition "of crime and criminals in the eighteenth century."

In 1749 was published "The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling." Of this great work, which

Gibbon has described as "the first of ancient or modern romance," and La Harpe as "*le premier roman du monde et le livre le mieux fait de l'Angleterre*," our author has much to say. We must confine ourselves, however, to a brief extract:—

TOM JONES.

The popularity of "Tom Jones" on its first appearance was almost commensurate with its wonderful merits. Its sale was extremely rapid, and commendations flowed in from all sides. Lady Mary Wortley Montague wrote in her copy of the work "*ne plus ultra*." The hero was voted by persons of quality a complete gentleman, and excited at once an immense sensation. The sudden success must have gratified Fielding; but it is evident that the anticipation of a more permanent fame had supported him during the long period necessarily employed in the production of so perfect a work of art. No one can read the "Invocation," with which he commences the thirteenth book of the novel, without feeling that it was to the judgment of posterity rather than of his own age that he appealed. These aspirations after posthumous fame have not been disappointed. No writer has had a more enthusiastic band of eulogists than Fielding.

Fielding's next work was "Amelia," published in 1751. For this he received from Millar, the publisher, the sum of 1000*l.*, which was an advance upon what he had gained by "Tom Jones" of 300*l.* "Amelia" was the last of his novels, and, with the exception of "The Covent-garden Journal" and his "Voyage to Lisbon," of his works. In 1753 his health began visibly to decline, and by the advice of his medical attendants he was preparing, in August, to try the effect of the Bath springs. Important magisterial business, however, detained him in town. The following winter was very severe, and Fielding, who was attacked with both dropsy and asthma, suffered intensely. He accordingly resolved to try the virtue of a southern climate, and, having selected Lisbon for his place of sojourn, he embarked in a trading vessel for that capital on the 26th of June, 1754. He was accompanied by his second wife and daughter, both of whom soothed his last days "with womanly care and affectionate solicitude." Of the incidents of the voyage we have his own narrative in the posthumous work above mentioned. It remains only to add that he arrived at Lisbon about the middle of August, and there expired without a groan, on the 8th of October, 1754, in the forty-eighth year of his age. His remains lie interred in the English cemetery at Lisbon, under a tomb with this inscription:—"Henricus Fielding: Luget Britannia gremio non datum fovere Natum."

With this we must conclude our notice of Mr. Lawrence's volume, recommending our readers, after giving it a careful perusal, to place it on the same shelf with Forster's "Life of Goldsmith," as a work to which, in many respects, it bears a close resemblance.

The Life and Works of Goethe, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries, from published and unpublished sources. By G. H. LEWES. 2 vols. London: David Nutt.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We saw Goethe in the year 1776, twenty-seven years old, smacking sledge-whips with the Duke, and raised to a seat in the Privy Council of Saxe-Weimar. He is now entering his thirtieth year, and also arriving at a deeper and graver view of life; an entry at this date in his diary is exceedingly impressive:—

"Calm retrospect of life, and the extravagances, impulses, and eager desires of youth; how they seek satisfaction in all directions. How have I found delight, especially in mysteries, in dark imaginative connections; how I only half seized hold of science, and I then let it slip; how a sort of modest self-complacency runs through all I wrote; how short-sighted I was in divine and human things; how many days wasted in sentiments and shadowy passions; how little good I have drawn from them, and, now the half of life is over, I find myself advanced no step on my way, but stand here as one who, escaped from the waves, begins to dry himself in the sun. The period in which I have mingled with the world since October 1775, I dare not yet trust myself to look at. God help me further, and give me light, that I may not so much stand in my own way, but see to do from my vantage till evening the work which lies before me, and obtain a clear conception of the order of things, that I be not as those who spend the day in complaining of headache, and the night in drinking the wine which gives the headache!"

At this period was written in prose his drama of "Iphigenia," which he afterwards, in Italy, turned into verse. Prose was in fashion, and we

hear that, when this drama assumed the poetic form, "the Weimar friends were disappointed—they preferred the prose." Mr. Lewes coincides with Schiller in pronouncing "Iphigenia" an exquisite poem, of "perfect unity," but wanting in everything that specifically belongs to a dramatic work.

In the beginning of 1779, Goethe accepted the direction of the War Department, which suddenly assumes new importance, owing to the preparations for a war. He is full of official business, and constantly riding about the country, endeavouring "to alleviate the condition of the people." Among lesser things, he procures an organisation of firemen. On this thirtieth birthday, the Duke promoted him to the place of *Geheimrath*, the highest which a German citizen can reach. "Weimar thought it scandalous."

"The hatred of people here (writes Wieland) against our Goethe, who has done no one any harm, has grown to such a pitch since he has been made *Geheimrath*, that it borders on fury." But the Duke, if he heard these howls, paid no attention to them. He was more than ever with his friend. They started on the 12th of September on a little journey into Switzerland, in the strictest incognito, and with the lightest of travelling trunks. They touched at Frankfurt, and stayed in the old house in the *Hirschgraben*, where Rath Goethe had the pride of receiving not only his son as *Geheimrath*, but the Prince, his friend and master.

They went to Strasburg, and Goethe visited the pleasant parsonage where he had courted Frederika. He found the family—described in the "Autobiography" as so like that of the Vicar of Wakefield—the same as he had left it eight years before. His account of the visit is touching:—

"I was welcomed in the most friendly manner. The second daughter loved me in those days better than I deserved, and more than others to whom I have given so much passion and faith. I was forced to leave her at a moment when it nearly cost her her life; she passed lightly over that episode to tell me what traces still remained of the old illness, and behaved with such exquisite delicacy and generosity from the moment that I stood before her unexpected on the threshold, that I felt quite relieved. I must do her the justice to say that she made not the slightest attempt to rekindle in my bosom the cinders of love. She led me into the arbour, and there we sat down. It was a lovely moonlight, and I inquired after every one and everything. Neighbours had spoken of me not a week ago. I found old songs which I had composed, and a carriage I had painted. We recalled many a pastime of those happy days, and I found myself as vividly conscious of all, as if I had been away only six months. The old people were frank and hearty, and thought me looking younger. I stayed the night there and departed at dawn, leaving behind me friendly faces; so that I can now think once more of this corner of the world with comfort, and know that they are at peace with me."

This narrative is contained in a letter to—the Frau von Stein, now the object of his devoirs!

Frederika (remarks Mr. Lewes) here, as everywhere, shows a sweet and noble nature, worthy of a happier fate. Her whole life was one of sweet self-sacrifice. Lenz had fallen in love with her; others offered to marry her, but she refused all offers. "The heart that has once loved Goethe," she exclaimed, "can belong to no one else."

Returning to Strasburg, he calls on another of his old "flames," Lili, and finds her a happy wife and mother.

"I stayed dinner. After dinner went with the Duke to see the cathedral, and in the evening saw Paisiello's beautiful opera, *L'Infante di Zamora*. Supped with Lili, and went away in the moonlight. The sweet emotions which accompanied me I cannot describe."

Rather a luxurious sentimentalist! The Duke and he travelled into Switzerland, and returned through Stuttgart, where they visited the Court, and where, for the first time, Schiller, then twenty years of age, with the "Robbers" in his head, saw the author of "Gotz" and "Werther."

On the 13th of January 1780, after a four months' absence, they returned to Weimar. Both were considerably altered to their advantage. In his Diary Goethe writes: "I feel daily that I gain more and more the confidence of people; and God grant that I may deserve it, not in the easy way, but in the way I wish. What I endure from myself and others no one sees. The best is the deep stillness in which I live *vis à vis* to the world, and thus win what fire and sword cannot rob me of." He was crystallising slowly; slowly gaining the complete command over himself. "I will be lord over myself. No one who cannot master himself is worthy to rule, and only he can rule." But with such a temperament this mastery

was not easy; wine and women's tears, he felt, were among his weaknesses:

Ich könnte viel glücklicher seyn
Gäb's nur keinen Wein
Unde keine Weiberthränen.

He could not entirely free himself from either. He was a Rhinelander, accustomed from boyhood upwards to the stimulus of wine; he was a poet, never free from the fascinations of women. But, just as he was never known to lose his head with wine, so also did he never lose himself entirely to a woman: the stimulus never grew into intoxication.

Most readers will be likely to agree with us that there is no real justification in the extenuating portion of this statement. At this time he began to apply himself seriously to the study of Science; he applied himself to Anatomy, and, with particular attention to Mineralogy.

On the 27th of May his father dies. On the 1st of June Goethe comes to live in the town of Weimar, as more consonant with his position and avocations. The Duchess Amalia has promised to give him a part of the necessary furniture. He quits his *Gartenhaus* with regret, but makes it still his retreat for happy hours. Shortly afterwards comes the imperial diploma, elevating him to the nobility: henceforth he is *von Goethe*. It had been too long expected, to cause much astonishment in Weimar, or to affect him much; yet we cannot think the Frankfurt citizen was insensible of the honour, although at first he wished to decline it.

With relation to the Duke:—

Goethe, who, in the first days of their friendship, treated him as a young companion, exchanging the brotherly *Thou* with him, and entering into all the wildness of the hour, gradually assumed a more respectful tone, and with it a more directing earnestness. Karl August continued the brotherly *Thou* to the last; but Goethe's tone grows more and more ministerial as the years advance.

Not seldom, too, he was in discord with the Duke, whose hasty and turbulent temper was impatient of control or opposition, and caused painful disagreements with the Duchess. That Goethe, with all his respect, could use a high-enough tone is plain from the following curious extract from a letter of his, probably to the Frau von Stein:—

"Here is an epistle. If you think right, send it to the Duke, speak to him, and do not spare him. I only want quiet for myself, and for him to know with whom he has to do. You can tell him also that I have declared to you I will never travel with him again. Do this in your own prudent gentle way." Accordingly he lets the Duke go away alone; but they seem to have come to some understanding subsequently, and the threat was not fulfilled.

Goethe was now becoming clearly aware that his natural bent was to be a man of letters:—

"I have a purer delight than ever, when I have written something which well expresses what I meant. . . . I am truly born to be a private man, and do not understand how fate has contrived to throw me into a ministry and into a princely family." As he grows clearer on the true mission of his life, he also grows happier.

Yet he appears at this time oppressed with various labours, and somewhat anxious and out of spirits. A little journey into the Harz refreshed him, and he continues his official duties, and proceeds with "Wilhelm Meister," now in its fourth book.

His osteological studies brought him this year the discovery of an intermaxillary bone in man. This is the centre bone of the upper jaw—that which contains the incisor teeth—and, as Mr. Lewes says, "long a bone of contention among anatomists." This bone, it was known, contained the incisor teeth of animals, and Goethe became convinced of its existence in man through his conception of the Unity of Nature; but when he succeeded in the proof his demonstration was received with contempt by the scientific world—a fact which subsequently fortified him in holding, in spite of the savants, by his new theory of Optics, in opposition to Newton's, in which he was less fortunate. The discovery of the intermaxillary

Was the prelude to his discoveries of the Metamorphosis of Plants, and of the Vertebral Theory of the Skull: all three resting on the same mode of conceiving nature. His botanical studies received fresh impulse at this period. *Linnaeus* was a constant companion on his journeys, and we see him with eagerness availing himself of all that the observations and collections of botanists could offer him in aid of his own. "My geological speculations," he writes to the Frau von Stein, "make progress. I see much more than the others who accompany me, because I have discovered certain fundamental laws of formation, which I keep secret, and can from them better observe

and judge the phenomena before me. . . . Every one exclaims about my solitude, which is a riddle, because no one knows with what glorious unseen beings I hold communion." It is interesting to observe his delight at seeing a zebra—which was a novelty in Germany—and his inexhaustible pleasure in the elephant's skull, which he has procured for study.

He now went rarely to Court, and the Dowager-Duchess Amalia declared they were all asleep.

In September 1786 Goethe satisfied an eager longing of many years' duration by visiting Italy, which he did alone, under the assumed name of Herr Möller. He had been silently preparing for the journey, and the song "Kennst du das Land" is a record of his yearning. His "Italian Travels" were not written until late in life, and consist of extracts from letters woven together with no great care.

He is in raptures with the climate and the beauties of nature, is almost silent about literature, has no sense of music, and no feeling for history.

At Palermo he visited out of curiosity the mother and sister of Count Cagliostro, under the guise of an Englishman bringing them news from their son and brother, from whom they had not heard for a long time. This was a most shameful deception, yet Goethe recounts it minutely in his "Travels" without the slightest blush, and prints there the touching letter to her son intrusted to him by the poor old mother. It is true that Goethe, some months after, sent the family money from Germany, and spoke of an intention (which he may have fulfilled) of explaining to them the whole matter; but even this was on account of the interest with which they had happened to inspire him by their appearance and manners, and not at all by way of atonement for the wrong he had committed. We have dwelt on this adventure, because Mr. Lewes, too, sees nothing in it but an occasion for lauding the great man's "sympathy, always active," while to us it appears a striking instance of that love of duplicity, that want of moral rectitude, which is an important and lamentable trait in Goethe's wonderful "many-sided" character. Intellectual truth he worshipped; of moral truth (not to speak of religious) the very sense, one would almost say, was absent, like the sense of hearing in deaf men. Lord Bacon was similarly deficient—a grave defect indeed! Here is no question of "genius;" but one which, thank Heaven, all sane and honest minds can unfailingly decide. Truth and Lying are not friendly, but antagonistic in the extreme. During his stay of a year and a half in Italy, Goethe remodelled "Tasso" and "Egmont," and prepared several works, new and old, for a new Collected Edition. He also wrote some scenes of "Faust." He acquired clearer intellectual views, relinquished his attempts to be a painter, for which he seems to have had little natural aptitude, and, on the whole, returned to Weimar a changed man, "the crystallising process" of his life being decidedly advanced. He is confirmed in his repugnance to metaphysics, wishing "to settle his *philosophie* before meddling with the *meta ta physika*;" as an artist, he "preferred that the principle from and through which he worked should be hidden from him," and said, as few Germans could say, "I have never thought about thought." In this tour we hear, moreover, of his falling in love with a young Milanese lady at Castel Gondolfo. In June 1788 he is back at Weimar, intellectually enriched, but not happy. He found Weimar dull, and his official duties incompatible with his enlarged views. The generous Duke consented to release him from the Presidency of the Council and the direction of the War Department, but

Kept a distinct place for him in the council, "whenever his other affairs allowed him to attend." The poet remained the adviser of his Prince, but was relieved from the more onerous duties of office. The direction of the Berghau Commission, and of all scientific and artistic institutions he retained; among them that of the theatre. It was generally found that he had grown colder in his manner since his Italian journey. The process of crystallisation had rapidly advanced.

His attachment to the Frau von Stein was become cold.

We now come to an important incident in Goethe's life, which, with its consequences, has hitherto been but dimly before most English readers. Its connections with those features of his character and habits which have already called for our reprobation, and the hints, few yet highly suggestive, of the retribution which always, in some shape, inevitably overtakes the

unlawful, are important to reflect upon; for, indeed, these are the highest lessons of biography.

One day in the autumn of 1788, Goethe, walking in the much-loved park, was accosted by a fresh young, bright-looking girl, who, with many reverences, handed him a petition. He looked into the bright eyes of the petitioner, and then, in a conciliated mood, looked at the petition, which entreated the great poet to exert his influence to procure a post for a young author, then living at Jena by the translation of French and Italian stories. This young author was Vulpus, whose *Rinaldo Rinaldini* has doubtless made my readers shudder in their youth. His robber romances were at one time very popular; but his name is now only rescued from oblivion because he was the brother of that Christiane who handed the petition to Goethe. . . . Her father was one of those wretched beings whose drunkenness slowly but surely brings a whole family to want. He would sometimes sell the coat off his back for drink. When his children grew up, they contrived to get away from him, and to support themselves: the son by literature, the daughters by making artificial flowers, woollen work, &c.

Christiane was pretty, lively, fond of pleasure apt at domestic duties, and possessed a quick mother-wit; so that Goethe used sometimes to talk to her of his scientific pursuits, as well as make her the subject of various small poems.

Why (asks Mr. Lewes) did he not marry her at once? His dread of marriage has already been shown; and to this abstract dread there must be added the great disparity of station: a disparity so great that, not only did it make the *liaison* scandalous, it made Christiane herself reject the offer of marriage. Stahr reports that persons now living have heard her declare that it was her own fault her marriage was so long delayed; and certain it is that when—Christmas 1789—she bore him a child (August von Goethe, to whom the Duke stood godfather), he took her with her mother and sister to live in his house, and always regarded the connection as a marriage. But, however he may have regarded it, public opinion has not forgiven this defiance of social laws. The world blamed him loudly; even his admirers cannot think of the connection without pain.

(To be continued.)

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Inns and Outs of Paris; or Paris by Day and Night. By JULIE DE MARGUERITES. Philadelphia: W. W. Smith. London: Trubner and Co. 1855.

If we do not class this with those American productions which we have often taken occasion to condemn—trashy and presumptuous distortions of European facts and manners—it is because the authoress expressly states in her preface that she is not an American, but an Englishwoman with a French education. Add to these premises the additional circumstance of her being an actress pretty well known upon the stage of the United States, and everything necessary to be known respecting her identity has been stated.

The purport of the volume, as stated in this preface, is to set people right about the inner life of Paris. Travellers have hitherto misunderstood this altogether—the English especially. They have succeeded in examining and in describing very fairly the mere shell and outer life of the Capital of Pleasure; they have said all that is to be said about the Boulevards and the Café de Paris, the Bois de Boulogne, and the Champs Elysées; but, so far as the hearths and homes of Paris are concerned—the *lures* and *penates* of the true Parisian—it has been reserved for Julie de Marguerites to tell us all about them.

We must confess that, so far as this promise is concerned, we have seldom met with so grievous a disappointment. A more exaggerative book we have not often met with; and, so far as the subjects treated of are concerned, a man would be as likely to derive an accurate knowledge of the inner life of London families from a perusal of "The Swell's Night-Guide," or "The Great Metropolis," as to extract anything about decent French society from these pages. We cannot, however, deny that there is about the book a certain *entrain* and ability which neither of the above-mentioned works can fairly be said to possess. Exaggeration may be dull and prosaic, or it may be poetical and lively; and we cheerfully admit that the exaggeration of Julie de Marguerites falls very frequently within the latter category.

If we had not pretty good evidence to the contrary, there is a very fair amount of internal evidence to show that this volume is not the

production of one of the softer sex. There is a manly independence about the plan of Paris life suggested, a fondness for dwelling upon the charms of pretty shop-girls, dancers, and lorettes, an acquaintance with the mysteries of *cabarets particuliers* and the Bal Musard, not easily explainable in a woman with any pretensions to having a character. Julie de Marguerites, if assuredly a woman, is decidedly an *esprit fort*.

Take the following terribly exaggerated description of the *galop*, which invariably closes the Bal Musard, commonly known as the *galop infernal*.

With a loud crash the orchestra begins. Then, in mad whirl, eighty or a hundred couple start, with shouts and yells, as if impelled by the infernal power that sent Dante's damned in one eternal whirl through murky air. On, on! quicker, yet quicker, still!—over all obstacles—spite of all fatigues—till breathing changes to sobs, and shouts become groans—till the long hair of the women, shedding its ornaments at each step, streams over their panting bosoms—till the masks, sodden with perspiration, literally crumbles from the face of the men. To stumble or fall, in this whirl of insane revelry, is death. The crowd will pass heedless over, not even stopping to kick the prostrate body from its path, but crushing it out of all life or shape. Nor does this end till all have thrown themselves exhausted on the benches around, and are taken by the *gens d'armes*, in the delirium of a brain-fever, to their homes, if they have them—to the hospital or the *corps de garde*, if they have them not.

We need scarcely tell our readers that the whole of this is a most monstrous exaggeration.

Should the editor of any Parisian journal meet with the following fantastic description of his editorial sanctum, he will possibly derive some amusement from comparing it with the business-like reality. After describing endless treasures in the way of richly bound books, original statuettes and drawings, valuable paintings, &c. &c., not to mention a mantel-piece "covered with a thick purple plush," and bearing "a beautiful Buhl clock, with two vases to match, reflected in a large mirror behind them," our initiated friend continues:—

In a large velvet armchair, with a table before him, sits the editor himself, enveloped in a plain dark velvet dressing-gown. He is not immersed in any profound thought, or he may be meditating, for aught we know; but his head rests comfortably on the back of the chair, whilst he inhales oblivion from all care through the amber tube of a perfumed Narghille, standing beside him. What have we on the table? A large vase full of flowers—a pile of tiny oyster-shells—an empty bottle of chablis—a china dish with pears and oranges—the remains of an onelette souille—a silver coffee-pot, thick hot cream, and—could he have foreseen our visit, and intended to invite us to breakfast? The table certainly is laid for two; and that delicious, easy, low chair, with its soft satin, wadded back, is actually placed ready for us. How charmingly considerate! But soft! the guest is evidently not ourselves; but, whoever it was, has been and gone. Here are vestiges of another presence—a handkerchief, so fine, snowy, and gossamer, lies under the table; and as we pick it up, our eyes, however discreet, could not help seeing in floral and filagree letters the word "Nathalie" embroidered in the corner.

Talk of the monks of old, the Grand Turk, and the "mermen bold" after this! Who would not prefer the lot of an editor?

We conclude our extracts with a scene which appears to possess more *vraisemblance* than any other in the book; and that is strange enough, considering that it is the very one of all others which Julie de Marguerites would be most unlikely to have had experience of. It is intended to illustrate the manner in which marriages are brought about in the higher circles of the French noblesse:—

Now in all probability, the principal actors in this scene have never spoken twenty sentences to each other since they were first introduced. This is the way they court in France. One lady says to another, "My daughter is eighteen. She has so much." (Every girl has a dowry, if it be but five hundred francs). "You have known her from a child. You see so many young men, cannot you think of one to suit her?" Of course the lady can; for men are as eager, in France, to marry, as the girls are to get husbands. It is an increase of fortune, and a patent of respectability, in all stations, in all professions. The young man is spoken to, and, of course, the young lady named to him. A party is given and they meet. Then the girl, supposed to be in entire ignorance up to this point, is asked how she would like so and so for a husband. Then the mamma of the bridegroom comes, one evening, when the house has been set in order, and everybody dressed in his best. And after the first salutation she rises, and in a

solemn voice, asks the hand of Mademoiselle Estelle for Monsieur Achille. Then the mamma, on the opposite side of the house, accepts the offer. Estelle weeps, and throws herself into her future mamma's arms; whilst the son-in-law embraces the mother of his intended. The papas shake hands; the betrothed lovers, released from the maternal arms, mutually bow to each other; and the servants bring in tea. Then the lawyers set to work to draw up the contract; the mamma orders new dresses, &c., for her daughter, and puts new caps and dresses on herself. The bridegroom comes every evening with a grand bouquet, which he offers to Mademoiselle, flirts an hour or two with the mother, bows to the daughter, and goes off. The bride elect has only to embroider quietly by her mother's side, to smile, to blush, and simper. Then the negotiating lady comes in grand state, preceded by an enormous trunk. Mama and the bride receive her—never, of course, heeding the trunk. Then the lady makes a speech, opens the trunk, and presents the bride with the *corbeille*—namely, the wedding-dress, veil, and wreath; two or three cashmere shawls; *ditto* velvet dresses; a set of furs; a set of lace flounces; a set of diamonds; a watch, a fan, a prayer-book, and a purse of gold. These come from the bridegroom. In return, the lady gets a bracelet from the bride, with many thanks for the presents and the husband. The mother scolds the intended for the reckless magnificence displayed when he comes at night. The bride says, "Ah, Monsieur!" blushes, and throws herself into her mother's arms. Then the mamma gives her present to the intended—six cambric shirts, and six white cravats, the whole trimmed with Valenciennes, chosen with an eye to the future pocket-handkerchiefs of the bride; for after the wedding-day, what man will be decked with lace? At last comes the signing of the contract. The bride takes one step into the world—she received her visitors, and speaks, nay, converses, with all except the intended—that would be improper. She gives tokens of affection to her unmarried relatives, bought from the purse in the *corbeille*. The wonders of this *corbeille* are displayed in one room, whilst the *trousseau* of the bride, given by the mother, is exhibited in another. Embroidery, linen, cambric, laces, &c., are here lavished on the personal underclothing of the bride, made up in dozens and dozens of each article; with piles upon piles of table-cloths, sheets, towels, &c.—all marked with embroidered marks, and tied with pink and blue ribbons. Then comes the civil ceremony; and two days after the last scene of all, at which we have "assisted" in the church of St. Sulpice.

Western Wanderings; or, a Pleasure Tour in the Canadas. By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, Author of "Lusitanian Sketches," &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

Two Summer Cruises with the Baltic Fleet in 1854-5, being the Log of the "Pet" yacht. By the Rev. ROBERT EDGAR HUGHES, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Eastern Experiences, collected during a Winter's Tour in Egypt and the Holy Land. By ADAM STEINMETZ KENNARD. London: Longman and Co.

MR. KINGSTON went to Canada purposely to see it, probably with purpose also to write what he should see. The occasion was to him an interesting one—it was his wedding tour; and, "during it," he says, "we kept our eyes and ears open." He naively adds, "Perhaps, as was to be expected, we looked at things generally through rose-coloured spectacles." These are certainly "more agreeable to use than a yellow or smoke-tinted lens." True, but very preferable to either would be the naked eye, unspectacled with lenses of any hue; for what the reader wants is a description of things as they are, untinted by hues whether rose-tinted or yellow. Mr. Kingston's confession is not a recommendation, but to some extent it detracts from the value of his volumes. However, the reader, being warned, must make allowances for the honeymoon-light by which every object was silvered. Mr. Kingston expresses a hope that the reader will glance at his sketches through the same pleasant medium as he used for writing them. But this would never do. The object would be doubly distorted. Seen first through the author's tinted glass, and then through another tinted glass of the reader, all would be transfigured, and as little like the reality as is a landscape seen through a sun-glass.

With this caution, Mr. Kingston will be found a very amusing travelling companion. He is accustomed to travel and to the use of the pen—both important qualifications. He is a literary man, an author by profession, writes a book artistically; and, after all, there is nothing like it. Amateur books, like amateur pictures, are tame and dull compared with those of a profes-

sional artist. Writing, like painting, is the result of long study and much practice. A book worth anything cannot be improvised, nor will genius accomplish it unaided. It is a product of art, and requires an artist's hand.

Hence, although Canada has been the subject of so many volumes, and there was so little of real novelty for Mr. Kingston to note, he has been able to give to his sketches an air of novelty by his artistic manner of viewing and describing the various objects that came in his way. We use this term advisedly; for he went prepared with no route, but resolved to go hither and thither, wheresoever whim might tempt. He started with two principles—"one was not to bind ourselves to proceed in any particular direction, should we find it convenient to alter our course; the other, not to allow ourselves to be disquieted by any of the *contretemps* to which travellers, in all lands, are liable."

He carried with him introductions to distinguished persons in the Canadas and the United States, which enabled him to see something of society, and that will probably be found the most original portion of his notes. But we will not detain the reader with further preface. As a taste of the quality of the contents, and to tempt to further acquaintance with his pleasant pages, we gather a few passages.

A MOVING HOUSE.

In our progress we saw what we had often heard of, a house changing its locality. There it came moving along the road, up a slope indeed, a big two-storied plank tenement, with as much dignity and self-possession as if it was still standing in its own cabbage-garden. The back-door was open, and there was the furniture, tables, chairs, and beds, in their places. The cups and saucers I don't think were on the table, the children and other inmates were out, and the pigs could not scramble in, as it was somewhat lifted above its usual level on stout rollers. The effect altogether was irresistibly comic. A row of levers was applied to the rear, on each of which sat a man as if on a see-saw, or spring-board, working himself gently up and down, and by the movement he thus made the house was inch by inch edged on. Other men, with crowbars, stood at the side to jog on the front rollers, and to keep them in their places. The house stood as steadily as if it was well accustomed to take a journey; even the brick chimney kept its place with becoming decorum, nor did the windows shake as much as they are apt to do in a London mansion when an omnibus rattles by.

Here is

A REMARKABLE PERSONAGE.

We heard of a very interesting character residing at the "Soo;" a pure Indian woman, the widow of a great chief among the Chippewas, whose daughters have been well educated, and have all married white men of good standing in society, mostly ministers of the Gospel; one, I believe, is the well-known and talented missionary and Indian superintendent, Mr. Schoolcraft. The chieftainess lives in a comfortable, well-furnished house; and though now of great age, retains all her faculties, is full of life and spirits, and takes great pleasure in society, and in hearing what is going on in the world. Her manners are dignified and courteous, and worthy of the high rank she holds among her people. (It strikes me that she must be the daughter of a great chief, and that her husband was a white man: as a daughter she would succeed to her father's dignity and power.) The half-Indians, half-Frenchmen, who abound here are generally, we are told, not only degenerate in mind, but in physical strength; for though they exert themselves in fishing and hunting at times, disease, when it attacks them, speedily carries them off.

There are dangers in

A WALK IN A WOOD.

On my way through the swampy wood, I was furiously assailed by hosts of flies and midges; a slight taste, I suspect, of what one would have to experience in a summer ramble through the forest-wilds of Canada, and a sure indication of coming rain, which did not fail speedily to follow soon after I got housed. The day before, on going through this wood, I put up a brownish snake, very thin, and about five feet long. Fortunately, I did not attack him, and the reptile wriggled away into the bush. On getting to the inn I was told that he was of a very venomous character, and most tenacious of life. Pim, I think it was, asserted that our friend Luis, the Italian steward, encountered one of them in the woods, when, with his accustomed bravery, he attacked it, and cut the reptile in two. What, however, was his horror, when the head portion, turning round with fiery eyes, made chase after him along the grass! Human courage could not avail against so ferocious an antagonist. Luis fled as fast as his trembling legs would carry him, the snake pursuing full of vengeance dire against the man who had deprived him of his tail. Thus hastening on with pallid countenance and hair on end, the steward was met by a backwoodsman with a gun. Breathless, all he could ejaculate was "De snake!

de snake!" and sunk fainting on the ground. The man shot the snake and carried Luis to the inn, where Mary tended him till he recovered. For the truth of the tale I do not vouch, however.

Here is an account of some of the natural products of the country:—

The next day, with my trusty stick in hand, I accompanied Mr. Whyte on a shooting excursion. Upwards of seventy as he is, I had hard work to keep pace with him over the snake-fences. Though we saw no game, properly so called, he killed a few birds to show me. Among them were robins, large brown birds with reddish breasts, which are said to make capital pies. The blue-birds are most common, which, with their bright azure plumage, as they flit in and out among the amber-coloured maple-trees, are very beautiful; but, however, the greater number of Canadian birds have long since migrated to warmer climes for the winter. The woods are full of squirrels of all sorts and sizes, and the funny little, wee chipmunk often ran along the snake-fences as we passed them. Mandrakes are found in quantities in the Barton groves. They grow rather low, and have large bright green leaves and handsome white flowers. The fruit is like a fine yellow plum spotted with red. It is pulpy within a rind, and has small seeds and a high flavour. When pulled up by a strong hand it makes a peculiar sound. The woods abound in beautiful wild flowers in spring, with varied tinted humming-birds, and a great variety of the feathered tribe. Mrs. Gourlay showed my wife a pond full of what she called "snapping turtles," from a propensity they have of biting at white fingers. The Anglo-Saxons, in return, make soup of them. Some were seen basking on the stones or logs, as they usually do. We certainly fancied that "snapping turtles" was a name given to alligators; but these, at any rate, are tortoise beasties. Cray-fish are also found in the streams and ponds in the neighbourhood. In the thick woods there are several sorts of snakes, some of them venomous, especially the rattlesnake. The Barton Lodge garden is very productive, as is also the farm, so that the family have an abundance of fruit and vegetables, eggs, milk, butter, and cheese. They kill their own mutton and beef, pork, lamb, and veal; they grow their own corn, and bake their own bread, brew their own beer, and make their own candles, and much of the sugar; indeed, except groceries, wines, and spirits, the farm supplies everything they require, and yet there are only eighty acres under cultivation, and some twenty or thirty kept for firewood. The land near Barton sells for one hundred pounds per acre for building on.

On the 14th July, 1854, "The Pet" sailed from Lowestoft to the Baltic. "She is a very small cutter-yacht, about as long as a moderate sized drawing-room, and scarcely so wide as a four-post bed."

The Rev. R. E. Hughes was aboard her, and he has described in an amusing volume the adventures of the crew during their visits to the Baltic, where they inspected the fleet, and witnessed the bombardments of Bomarsund and Sweaborg. Our divine is a jovial fellow; fond of fun, a thorough sailor; should have been a navy chaplain, and then we should welcome fifty such gay, dashing, "spicy" volumes as that before us, which will best be recommended by extracts. Think of this—

GIRLS BATHING.

The prettiest scene was a group of some twenty village girls, whose clear merry voices we heard long before we could distinguish their dark shapeless dresses from the rocks among which they nestled. After a time a louder chorus of laughs attracted our attention, and, by Ovid and all his metamorphoses! the dark shapeless robes had vanished, and, in their stead, twenty white glistening bipped forms were seen jumping, splashing, and tumbling in the shallow waves, while volleys of soprano screams and peals of feminine laughter came trilling over the sea. The distance was too great to destroy the illusion by betraying the faults and blemishes from which I suppose even maiden forms are not exempt, and to our eyes they all looked white and comely as Aphrodite rising from the sea. Soon, however, an enemy got into the camp; for we observed two village lads, who had skulked unperceived from their own territory, and had now reached the spot where the girls had left their dresses, and there they were in high glee tricking themselves out in caps and petticoats. On a sudden, a loud scream proclaimed that the wolf was in the fold. Without a moment's hesitation the girls hastened to the charge; one snatched a petticoat and slipped it over her dripping locks, another was fain to content herself with a high-crowned hat; and a third, in the exigency of the case, could lay hands on nothing more apposite than a scarlet stocking and a wooden shoe: in a word, with such defensive armour as they could snatch, they rushed upon the foe and fairly beat them off, under cover of such an artillery of laughs, squeaks, and general vociferation, as it has seldom been my lot to hear. But we were now too distant to observe their movements with precision, so we must leave them to dry their curls and settle their disputes while we proceed with our voyage.

Here is

A SWAN CHASE.

By this time the glass had made them out, and I plainly saw that there were fifty of them at least, and nothing less than swans every one. If a Russian frigate had hove in sight, a greater excitement could not have been produced on board the "Pet." We had no gun of any kind on board (I had purposely abstained from bringing guns or fishing-rods, as they are often great temptations to delay), and loud and deep were the lamentations uttered by all hands, until it became apparent that the swans were moulting; for those that rose from the water flew heavily and soon dropped, while many, unable to make a fly of it at all, topped their booms, up helm, and scudded away to leeward. We picked out a group of three, and, bearing straight down upon them, I dropped Ned astern in the dingy, with strict orders not to cast off till we had fairly sailed down the chase. We were soon within hail of the enemy, who very judiciously separated, and made sail upon different tacks; Ned, half mad with excitement, here cast off and went in chase of one to windward, while I with the "Pet" continued to follow the bird that was scudding away before the wind. The noble bird ahead paddled away at a speed which appeared incredible, and sustained his efforts with wonderful pluck; but the breeze freshened and our speed was too great for him. We heard him pant and blow as we approached nearer; we saw the poor fellow slue his head from side to side to try if escape in either direction were possible; but the slightest deviation in his course was met by a corresponding movement on the part of his relentless pursuer, and he was compelled to resume his now hopeless efforts to outstrip us in fair running: twice, with a desperate effort, he extended his wings, and, with loud cries, flapped rapidly a few yards ahead; but these struggles only exhausted him, and, at length, when actually under our stem, he drooped his head, relaxed his exertions, and gave up; now, however, fortune befriended him, our boat was far away, our boat-hook would not reach him, and, in a moment, the "Pet" had shot past her prey and left him in possession of the weather-gauge twenty yards astern. It was a complete reprieve, and, more than that, it showed plainly that without a boat we could scarcely succeed, so we worked up again to the scene of action, where Ned, in his dingy, was engaged in an unequal struggle with another splendid swan. Now, however, our better tactics were rewarded with complete success, and we soon got a noble full-grown hooper on board.

Mr. Hughes gives by far the most graphic account of the capture of Bomarsund which has yet appeared, and he visited the forts immediately after the surrender. This was one of the scenes he beheld:—

AFTER THE BATTLE.

We scrambled in and walked round the casemates, where French soldiers, blackguards from the trading ships, and one or two gentlemen, were wandering about; some in search of money, others of a helmet, or some little memento of the place to take home. One little Frenchman we found, in an agony of excitement, contending with a little box that was firmly locked; I got a firelock and smashed it in, and, behold, it contained—nothing. Soon after, we passed into a room which had a cold feeling about it; I was walking hastily on, when my brother called aloud; I looked round, and saw, on the floor before, behind, and beside me, the cold, clean, silent forms of the dead. The shock of the surprise was fearful; the light linen cloths that shrouded the stiffened figures waved and flickered in the draught, as if stirred by the breath of those that would breathe no more. What did these poor fellows know or care about the Turkish question? And yet they had fought and trembled, they had writhed in agony, they had yielded up the breath of life, and now father and brother, maid and mother, were weeping and breaking their hearts for them, and all about the Danubian Principalities. "Those," said my brother, as we hastened into the air, "are the first Russians that I have seen clean and sober yet." Soon afterwards we found a number of beautiful percussion muskets in excellent order; having secured one each as a prize, we left the fort and returned to the "Pet." By this time the prisoners had been marched out of the fort, and were collected under a strong guard of English marines and French infantry. It was strange to see the three nations thus brought together: the English, bold, sturdy, and strong, like bulls of Basan, staring and gaping on the foe; the French, small, active, and brisk, like horses of the desert; the Russians (I am unwilling to speak slightly of a vanquished foe, but it is the truth) like unclean animals, grunting, wallowing swine. Of course every allowance must be made for the humiliation of defeat, and for the fact that they were almost all more or less drunk; nor do I express any opinion about the Russians of Alma or Inkermann, for I have not seen them; but these Russians of Bomarsund were such as I have described them. To conclude this disgusting subject, I shall only add, that of those that came under the care of our surgeons, almost all were covered with vermin; and, in sailing through the fleet, we could always distinguish a ship that had prisoners on board, on passing to leeward—by the smell. Such is the race that has swallowed up lands and nations in

quick succession, and now threatens to overwhelm the fairer lands and the nobler races of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. We passed under the jetty where the prisoners were being embarked. On the top was a strapping French sous-officier, drunk, and greatly excited: on the ground, and between his feet, lay a Russian prisoner, bound hand and foot. The Frenchman, with his drawn sword, was making passes at the throat of the poor wretch with all the neck-or-nothing precision of a drunken man, at the same time assailing him with the epithets *brigand*, *accéléré* and every other invective of his vocabulary. It was piteous to see the poor victim's white, womanish, imploring hands raised, fettered as they were, to plead for mercy. It was a horrid sight. Mr. Chads, an English naval officer, rushed in and interfered, a French officer came to the rescue, and the man was saved for the time.

Here is a sketch of

SWEDISH POLITENESS.

The Swedes are very polite, especially in the matter of bowing. It is usual for a gentleman on entering a drawing-room to march straight up to the lady of the house, with stern aspect and inflexible demeanour; clank, clank, clank ring his spurs on the floor till he gets within range, then bang go the heels of his boots together, and the performer resolutely, and with unrelenting mien, bends slowly to the ground. The lady, by the skillful management of some unseen springs or peculiar machinery in her constitution, at the same time sinks deeper, and still deeper, towards her mother earth. After a while, with unaltered gravity, they recover their elevation. Once and again these gymnastics are repeated in profound silence; the third time they relax into a smile, and one or the other proceeds to remark that it is a very fine day.

The spectacle of the first bombardment pleased them so much that in 1855 the same party returned to the Baltic just in time to witness the destruction of Sveaborg, of which also the details are singularly graphic.

Our Christian Clergyman, preacher of the Gospel of "peace on earth and good will towards man," is extremely indignant that we do not destroy every town on the Russian coasts, contrary to the recognised laws of civilised warfare, which professes to destroy only military erections, and to spare the peaceful inhabitants of the enemy's country. At least, such used to be the theory of war. This is the demoniac preaching of a Christian divine!

As regards the forbearance which has been extended to private property, it cannot be denied that we have abandoned a very great advantage, and abdicated a power against which our enemy has nothing to put to his side of the account. In a war between two maritime powers it is for the interest of both parties to abstain by common consent from destroying the undefended towns and villages of the coast. This is a matter entirely of convention, for, of course, on abstract principles there is no reason why a trading ship should be held by the law of nations to be *bonne prise*, and a trading town should be entitled to immunity. Still, it is a convention which, between two equally balanced maritime powers, is beneficial to both, and saves a vast amount of misery. In a French war, for instance, were we to burn Dieppe, our neighbours might retaliate upon Brighton; and now, in the days of steam, the system might be carried out on both sides till every seaboard town on either coast would be a heap of rubbish. Equal damage would be inflicted upon either country, and yet little or nothing would be effected towards bringing the war to a termination. In the present war, however, the case is different. There is no reciprocity whatever. If towns, villages, ship-building yards, commercial stores, and the like, are to be spared, the advantage is exclusively on the side of Russia, the sacrifice exclusively on the part of the Allies. The Russians have no access to our possessions, while we are in a position to inflict injury upon theirs. Consequently, in such a war, if we admit the principle that seaboard towns and private possessions are to be held harmless, we simply abandon one capital advantage which our maritime superiority gives us. Again, on the score of humanity, it appears that the whole theory is wrong. War assumes in its very nature the destruction of life—the very business of war is death. It is for this purpose that the implements of war are conceived with the utmost ingenuity, and constructed with the most refined care to kill; guns to shoot people through the head, swords to cut their wind-pipes, bayonets to pierce their viscera, besides the whole generation of shot and shell, asphyxiant and otherwise, all excellently contrived to kill. While, then, our very end and object is to cause the greatest of all calamities, the loss of life, surely it is nonsense to make such a fuss about the far lesser calamity—loss of goods and chattels.

And again—

If it be understood that war with a formidable maritime power means, besides the suspension of trade, the destruction of every town within reach of the sea, the burning of their docks, building-yards, timber stores, and other properties—the reign of fire

and terror throughout their coasts; if it be understood that no bay, river, or estuary will be safe from fire and sword—that all their Hulls, their Liverpools, their Glasgows, and their Brightons, will be in a blaze from one end of their land to the other; if all this be understood by such a war, statesmen will be careful how they involve their country in such disasters.

With this we part from the Reverend Mr. Hughes, with a sense of intense loathing, and the exclamation—"Is Christianity a name or a reality—the Gospel to be believed or rejected—that one of its ministers can thus write and print?"

It might be supposed impossible to produce a Tour in Egypt and the Holy Land which should have any novelty. It is a region thoroughly exhausted by tourists; about which more books have been written than any other on the face of the earth. Nevertheless, Mr. Kennard has contrived to glean something fresh even there—not at the Pyramids, however, or on the Nile, or in the desert, but in the streets. He has a special faculty for describing street groupings, just as Prout caught street scenery by a sort of instinct. Here is a lively sketch of

SHOPPING IN CAIRO.

All the shops in Oriental cities are collected into a series of bazaars,—for the most part picturesque arcades, roofed over to screen the merchants from the sun, and which, branching into and off from one another, constitute sometimes, as in Damascus, the entire city. Each bazaar is set apart for the sale of one class of commodity: thus, in bazaar No. 1 sit the sellers of drugs and perfumes; in No. 2 the sellers of silks and stuffs; in No. 3 the sellers of carpets; as in London, Long Acre is devoted to carriage-builders, and Paternoster Row to booksellers. Our friend, with his pocket full of piastres, determines to invest in a mutton-chop for his daily meal; so he directs his steps to the bazaar, where sit the sellers of meat. The moment he enters each bearded Moslem butcher, divining his intention, commences to chant in a loud voice the merits of the numerous uncooked delicacies over which he presides. Pausing before one of the stalls, our friend states his wish to purchase a mutton-chop. The fact that in almost all parts of the known world a mutton-chop commands within a few fractions of a penny the same price, does not at all deter the Mussulman tradesman from first holding it up to the light to show off its points, and then asking five times its value. Our friend, who is expecting this attempt at cheating, is not so angry as might be conceived, though he certainly does pull his hair and threaten to take the butcher before the Cadi: in order to be even with him he flies to the other extreme, and offers for the cutlet five times less than its value. This of course makes the butcher very angry, and moves him to size his beard and remove his turban in a very violent manner. To make a long story short, the mutton-chop is at length disposed of, but whether for more or less than its real value is determined by the superior cunning of the parties engaged. To take an instance of my own experience in shopping: I remember that when fitting out my boat for a two months' cruise on the Nile, I went one morning to buy in a stock of crockery; and, following the guidance of my Dragoman, I entered, as he said, the cheapest shop in Cairo—or rather, a shop where such a broad limit is put on to the price of everything, that bargaining and beating down may be carried on to an almost unlimited extent. Seating myself on the proprietor's divan, and accommodated with his own pipe, I prepared myself to watch the proceedings going on below me. First of all, Ibrahim, as if the wholesaler was his own and everything in it, gathered together a vast heap of all that he said we should want, then squatting himself on his haunches, he blew three or four furious clouds from his pipe, and informed me that he was going to make the price. I wanted to offer so much down for the lot, and so cut both the matter and the expense short; but this he would not allow. The business then commenced. Taking a soup-plate, worth a few pence, in his hand, Ibrahim held it at arm's length, and, looking at it with a contemptuous smile, seemed as if doubtful whether he should pitch it into the street, or make an offer for it. Deciding on the latter course, he asked, "How much?" There was a pause for about a minute, like the lull that intervenes between the lightning-flash and the thunder-clap, and then the words "Ashereen queersh" (one dollar) slipped quietly from the lips of the vendor of crockery. Tearing his tarboosh and white cap from his head, Ibrahim flung them on the ground, and then, stretching out both his hands, he began to shower down a torrent of abuse on the head of the unfortunate proprietor, who sat calmly smoking, without appearing to take any notice. The storm at length subsiding, Ibrahim ventured again to refer to the object of dissension: then came another burst of rage, not quite so fierce as the last, and this time the proprietor attempted to expostulate; and thus matters continued for the next half-hour, with this exception, that at every fresh outbreak Ibrahim got more gentle, whilst the proprietor got more exasperated; till at last all was settled, the plate being handed over to me for

two piastres instead of twenty. Ibrahim then looked up to me, and said, "You see, sir, when I make little quarrel?" On assuring him, that I could not but have seen it, he said: "This because I make the good price."

And here is

A STREET SCENE.

As he rides through the city he passes the house of a Pasha; for an instant he pauses, and casts reverential eyes upon that part which he knows is set apart for the women. Whilst his thoughts are busy wandering about among the fair creatures within, the gates are suddenly thrown open, and, preceded by the chief eunuch, the harem donkeys go forth to take the air. O shades of the beautiful; hours no longer; but six large massive objects—they must be females, for they are so different to the men—sitting astride on as many small donkeys, which seem to totter beneath the weight of the black silk balloons in which their riders are enveloped. He regrets to see that they have no arms; but then they have legs, which dangle awkwardly on either side of the saddle, bandaged as if for the gout; and into the stirrups are thrust great spray feet, which certainly belong to no other legs. Unlike the English belle, who drives on a June afternoon to and fro between Apsley House and Kensington Gardens, inwardly hoping that, whilst her own eyes are wandering about in search of the picturesque, those of other people may chance to rivet themselves upon herself, the Cairene beauty leaves all her gracefulness behind in the harem, and rides out into the world at sunset shrouded in her black silk balloon, the personification of all that is ugly.

A DAMASCUS KHAN.

The various khâns in Damascus are named after the Sultans who built them, and are, without exception, magnificent buildings. They adjoin the bazaars, and are entered through ponderous gateways, on either side of which, as at the Horse-Guards in Whitehall, stands a mule of extraordinary dimensions splendidly caparisoned, acting in the stead of a signboard. On passing the gateway, you find yourself in a large court, open to the sky, in the centre of which is a fountain. A cloister runs round the court, in the shade of which sit collected into groups, smoking their pipes, or wrangling about a piastre, the camel-drivers, and muleteers in the service of the merchants lodging in the khân. The walls are generally built of alternate black, red, or white slabs of marble, like an Italian duomo. At each corner of the cloister a stone staircase leads up into a gallery running entirely round and looking into the courtyard below. On to this gallery open the rooms occupied by the merchant: and here it was that we used to sit, inhaling clouds of tumbak from the bubbling nargilâh, sipping iced sherbets, and listening to the plash of the fountain below, or in making offers for gold-embroidered tablecloths.

We conclude with

A NIGHT AT DAMASCUS.

At sunset the city goes to sleep, the shops are all closed; and following all our old Arabian Nights acquaintances, we leave the spice-laden atmosphere of the bazaars, and go back to dine at the hotel. The mere fact of *dining* would seem to hurl us from the summit of that ladder of Eastern romance to which we had ascended during the day; and it doubtless would have done so, had not the hotel itself helped to prolong and even to add fresh colouring to our day-dreams—with its large court-yard open to the sky, its deep alcoves, furnished with soft divans, and arabesqued in blue and gold, from the marble flooring to the carved ceiling above, with verses from the Koran, and where we used to dine off pilafs, and lamb stuffed with sweetmeats and pistachio nuts, sipping coffee afterwards in the moonlight, where it streamed down among the citron-trees into the fountained court, and sent almost to sleep by the soporific bubbling of our nargilâhs.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Lord Willoughby; or, the Double Marriage. By Mrs. LATOUCHE. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Lilliesleaf; being a concluding series of Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Mrs. LATOUCHE writes well, in a pleasant, lively, pictorial style, with a good deal of imagination, and the manifest presence of lively feelings and sympathies. The *Double Marriage* is considerably above the average of "new novels," alike in conception and in execution. The story is not a common one; it has been constructed with much art, and it succeeds in fixing the reader's attention to the very finale, although it sometimes asks of him a complaisant closing of the eye to difficulties and improbabilities which, however, we must say, in justice to the authoress, are not

peculiar to herself, but claimed as the privilege of all writers of fiction. Novelists are not bound to imitate nature precisely as they see her; all that is required from the artist is to be consistent with himself—granting that such things could be, it suffices if he depict them as they should be. For instance, with the Witches of Macbeth, they are inventions, yet we sit in judgment upon them. We do not condemn them because they have no counterpart in Nature; but the critic says, "Granting that such creatures existed, has the dramatist represented them as we should imagine they would have been? Do they act and talk like witches?" So a novelist is not bound to copy a character from society as it exists; he is required only, in the invention of a character, to make it natural—that is, consistent with its own ideal existence.

It is due to Mrs. Latouche to say that she does not abuse this license of the novelist. Most of the personages who play their parts in the plot of *The Double Marriage* are strictly true to nature. The passionate spirit of Alan, the grand independent self-reliance of Tristram Fleming, are drawn, not only with uncommon vigour of outline, but with a rare attention to those minor tints and traits which go so much to make up a good picture. Mrs. Fleming is another conception of no common power. From the promise of these volumes we hope we may congratulate the literature of fiction upon the addition of a new and vigorous recruit, whom practice will improve, because there is the natural ability to be cultivated.

It has been remarked often that continuations are rarely successful; but the cause has never been satisfactorily explained. Does the fault lie with the writer or with the reader? Does weariness steal unconsciously over the former, or does satiety steal over the latter, and blunt the edge of his enjoyment? Probably there is something of both. The freshness of the conception of character gradually passes away, the images do not come so brightly into the mind, there is not the same zest in the revival of familiar faces and scenes as in self-introduction to new ones; it is almost impossible to avoid repetition of descriptions and thoughts, because by the law of association they must reappear in the same chain. The reader also looks for novelty in a new book. He not only feels the flagging spirit of the author, but he compares the present with the past, and, not finding the same keen sense of enjoyment as formerly, is apt to be discontented even more than the diminished merits will strictly justify.

The authoress of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland" has not escaped the universal fate of continuations. That novel attained an immediate, extensive, and well-deserved popularity. She continued it; but her readers, if more numerous, were not so well pleased. She has now completed what few have ventured—a third continuation; to find, we fear, that she has not regained the original status. *Lilliesleaf* is clever, certainly; had it stood alone, resting upon its own merits, without claiming connection, and therefore compelling comparison, with its predecessors, it would have been warmly applauded. As it is, it presents itself as third in order of merit as well of time after "Margaret Maitland."

Not that there is any falling off in style, or in description; the story is even better told than were the former ones; but it has not their spirit and naturalness. There is an evident effort about it, as if the author was making a story, instead of narrating one. Practice has improved her composition; she has advanced in the art of author-craft; there is more polish; there are fewer faults; but there is less vigour and less of excellence.

The story of *Lilliesleaf* is not one, but two. Living beyond means is the theme of the one, and love of the other. Mr. Elphinstone is extravagant, to Mrs. Elphinstone's sorrow. She resolves to win by the eccentric process of feigning to be more extravagant than himself—thus making him feel his own fault in its exaggeration. The love is that of a girl of ill-regulated feelings, ardent and impulsive, passionate but fond, for a poor gentleman, proud and capricious. Rhoda, it will be remembered, was Mrs. Maitland's ward in the former novel, and now her love passages are narrated, with the troubles and trials thence arising, and the finale of which the reader will find in the work itself. Although not equal to its predecessors, it is still a book to be borrowed and read.

Doctor Antonio: a Tale. By the Author of "Lorenzo Benoni." Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. 1855. Paris: Galignani and Co.

The object of this tale evidently is to beget a higher appreciation of the Italian character than commonly prevails in this country; in a word, to convince our purse-proud and acre-proud tourists that the bearded and conical-hatted gentry among whom they travel, when they visit the pleasant scenes of sunny Italy, are not necessarily scamps and adventurers. The materials used are not perhaps very novel (as our readers will at once understand when we come to relate the plot of the story); but they are so skillfully managed, and are woven together in such a masterly style, that the attention is riveted at once, and the interest inspired is precisely that which we feel when we suspect that the story may be true. In a word, *Doctor Antonio* is a tale in a thousand, and we shall be greatly surprised if it do not prove to be one of the greatest and most abiding favourites which the light literature of this year has produced.

Sir John Davenne, a wealthy English baronet, and his daughter Lucy, a delicate exotic from our social forcing-houses, are travelling from Genoa to Nice. Runaway horses, an upset carriage, a broken leg for Lucy, and a certain Italian Doctor Antonio met opportunely on the spot, bring us with the close of the very first chapter into the very thick of the plot. Of course, as he is a medical man, Doctor Antonio can do no less than set the leg, and, having done that, he must cure the leg: but broken legs are not cured in a day or two, and so, whether Sir John Davenne wills it or no, Lucy is obliged to be taken to an Osteria at Bordighera, where she remains for many weeks.

Now Doctor Antonio looks too much like Rinaldo Rinaldini to suit Sir John Davenne's taste, and moreover the worthy baronet is not very well pleased at being compelled to stay at a miserable Osteria. Miss Lucy, however, does not sympathise with these feelings; she knows that Doctor Antonio has been kind to her, she appreciates the great worth of his character, she sees the ceaseless efforts that he makes for her good, and, to make a long story short, at last she loves him. Not but what there is a spice of romance in the business; Doctor Antonio is nobly born; revolutionary troubles have driven him from Sicily, where his family were once great and wealthy; he is the high-spirited, intellectual, truly noble man under difficulties; and Lucy loves him none the less that his adopted profession enables him to cure her leg. How tenderly and skillfully this is effected; with what art this Doctor Antonio devises schemes for promoting her amusement, and how after all he succeeds in winning the heart of the proud Sir John, it is the purpose of the book to unfold. The Doctor advances admirably in his suit.

Sir John treated Doctor Antonio all dinner-time, and throughout the evening, with marked distinction, addressing him publicly as "my honourable friend," and privately and confidentially as "my dear friend;" he even went so far as to declare emphatically to Lucy, after every one was gone, that "could that man be brought to shave, he would not be out of place at the table of a king."

So attached, indeed, to the worthy Doctor do both father and daughter become, that, even when Lucy's recovery admits of their departure, they still linger at the Osteria—the neighbourhood is to be visited, sights are to be seen, and Doctor Antonio is the *cicerone* everywhere. This is certainly a very critical position for a young English lady, with a predisposition towards sentiment, to be placed in. When lo! just as a happy termination appears certain, and all is going happily and comfortably, in dashes Lucy's brother, a great coarse Titan of a guardsman, an incarnation of British pride and insolence, and obscures the fair prospect in a moment. Captain Aubrey Davenne comprehends the whole position at a glance, and, with a word, solves the enigma in poor trembling Lucy's heart.

"Do you know, Lucy, I am quite in love with that Doctor of yours?"—"Are you?" said Lucy, looking up to him with such beaming eyes. "I have seldom seen a more commanding figure than his, and he is very gentlemanlike, certainly. I wish he were an English Duke."—"Why?" said Lucy; "I assure you he is quite contented with his lot."—"Because if he were, young lady, you would make a handsome couple," Lucy grew scarlet. "As it is," pursued Aubrey slowly, in a clear, cruel, stern voice, "As it is, I would rather see you dead and buried than married to that man." The little watering-pot slipped

out of his hand! "cried needn't without round his sofa. The name was

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A FAVOR "Mary I in providing character ing new exhausted a volume inhibit the Alfred L author h Clyde. of truth describes tive. B trays ha have kn scenes d they wo in the Bu author is Glasgow Birming much a places, th cularly r not, as it in Glasg Britain. must not ratum of Glasgo

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out of her hand, and her knees gave way. "D— it!" cried Aubrey, raising her from the ground, "you needn't take fright at a mere supposition!" And, without another word, he passed his powerful arm round his sister's waist and led her up the stairs to the sofa. This was the first and last time that Antonio's name was mentioned between them.

And so the idyl ended. Lucy returned to England, and after a time married a Viscount. Antonio returned to Sicily, and, joining in the last revolution, shared the fate of Poerio. Lucy, Lady Cleverton, eventually became a widow, and sought Italy with the view of once more finding Doctor Antonio. She found him a prisoner, and, after a fruitless endeavour to obtain his liberation, died of a broken heart. "Doctor Antonio," says the author, "still suffers, prays, and hopes for his country."

A FAVOURITE form of fiction, since the successful "Mary Barton," is devoted to the illustration of life in provincial towns; and every large town has its own characteristic aspect for the acute observer, affording new and amusing material for the now almost exhausted stores of the novelist. There is before us a volume devoted to Glasgow, and designed to exhibit the social features of that great hive of industry. *Alfred Leslie* is the title of this tale, into which the author has woven his pictures of the people of the Clyde. Let us at once say that they have the aspect of truthful drawing; he has witnessed what he describes, and his style is dashing, lively, and effective. But we must also say that "the life" he portrays has no distinctive features. We should not have known, from anything but the names, that the scenes described belonged peculiarly to Glasgow; they would have suited equally any other large town in the British Empire. We gather from this that the author is not acquainted with the classes in which Glasgow life, as distinguished from London life, or Birmingham life, is to be found. Probably he is so much a Glasgow man, and knows so little of other places, that he supposes what he has seen to be peculiarly of Glasgow production. Hence, this tale is not, as it is designed to be, a panorama of life as it is in Glasgow, but as it is in all large cities of Great Britain. As such, it is extremely amusing; but it must not be taken for something more. The desideratum of a true picture of the social characteristics of Glasgow yet remains to be supplied.

Dumas is the prince of novelists. Setting aside the fertility of his invention, the ingenuity of it is wonderful. No plots are so good as his, no dialogue so smart, no story so full of surprises, so dashing, so impossible, and yet so delightful. One of his latest works, *The Queen's Necklace*, has been translated and added to the "Parlour Library." We would recommend the publisher to introduce more of the French novels. They would be far more agreeable than the works of third and fourth-rate English novelists.

My MSS.: a Tale of Olden Islington. By the Author of "Anne Boleyn" (Hope and Co.)—is a very clever tale, the scene of which is laid in the merry reign of Queen Bess, and designed to exhibit London and its suburbs as it then was. The author appears to have an intimate acquaintance with antiquarian lore, and his picture of the times he treats of is the most graphic and, we should think from the minuteness of the detail, the most perfect that any fiction has yet embodied.

Mr. James's novel, *Delaware, or, the Ruined Family*, is the latest edition to "The Parlour Library."

A nautical novel, entitled *The Yellow Frigate*, by Mr. James Grant, is issued in Routledge's cheap series of original novels. It will delight the lovers of adventure, but it will not bear to be subjected to formal criticism as a work of art. Those who read it for the story will not be disappointed.

Mr. S. W. Fulford's very successful romance, *The Daughter of Night*, has been republished in a cheap form, by Ward and Lock.

The Faces in the Fire, with other Tales and Sketches, by Mr. G. F. Pardon (F. Blackwood), are pictures of London life, drawn with spirit, and illustrated with many clever coloured engravings.

Messrs. Smith and Elder have added to their excellent library of standard novels Miss Brontë's last novel, and one of her best, *Villette*. In this cheap form it will be welcomed to hundreds of houses where hitherto it has been unattainable.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Men and Women. By ROBERT BROWNING. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

It is grand to possess intellectual power, but grander still to use it profitably. It is an offence against humanity to squander it in idle vagaries. Speaking strictly of poetical, we fear much that intellectual power has been perverted into intellectual licence; that the liberty to speak as one pleases has pushed our authors into a dream-

land of perpetual twilight, or seduced them to shuffle fancies with Andersonian dexterity, as if the loss of the majesty of art could be expiated by the ability to deceive or amuse.

If we are fallen upon the evil days when poetry is no longer the image of life, but an elastic compound which, like the india-rubber heads in toyshops, may be squeezed and tortured into all manners of unnatural shapes, God help us! It was the object of poetry to turn all things into loveliness; it is the object of poetry to grant us—a favour, perhaps—glimpses of the beautiful, as if only the more certainly to show that beauty cannot disentangle itself from obscurity, absurdity, or deformity. Here is Robert Browning, a practised author, a man of vast poetic resources—overflowing with the tenderest thoughts, with fancies thick upon him as flowers in June—with words, as Shelley says, of "electric life"—and yet he is going down to posterity—ay! and rapidly, too—as a precedent for "fantastic tricks." Such a precedent our minor poets needed not, for already "that way madness lies." We are not so much surprised as grieved, that he who can walk erect in the path of uncomplicated story—who can show his true Saxon proportions as he has shown them constantly in these poems, should have thought it indispensable to exhibit his twisted conceits. Such gyrations of the muse may be astonishing, but they are in no way graceful. Neither the shrewdness of the critic nor the learning of the scholar can compensate for the loss of real poetic ease. A poem entitled "Old Pictures in Florence" looks like metrical torture, though it is doubtless intended as an example of the freedom of metrical action. We wish we could believe of this poem that it is mere elephantine playfulness, intended for no other purpose than to show that it is compatible with power either to tear up huge oaks by their knotted roots, or to perform the most amusing stage-tricks. Our readers shall themselves judge of the value of the poet's rhyme-twistings:

When they go at length, with such a shaking
Of heads o'er the old delusions, sadly
Each master his way through the black streets taking,
Where many a lost work breathes though badly—
Why don't they bethink them of who has merited?
Why not reveal, while their pictures dree
Such doom, that a captive's to be out-ferreted?
Why do they never remember me?
Not that I expect the great Bigordi
Nor Sandro to hear me, chivalric, bellicose;
Nor wronged Lippino—and not a word I
Say of scrap of Fra Angelico's.
But are you too fine, Taddeo Gaddi,
To grant me a taste of your intonaco—
Some Jerome that seeks the heaven with a sad eye?
No churlish saint, Lorenzo Monaco?
Could not the ghost with the closed red cap,
My Pollajolo, the twice a craftsman,
Save me a sample, give me the hap
Of a muscular Christ that shows the draughtsman?
No Virgin by him, the somewhat petty,
Of final touch and tempe-ramento—
Could not Alesso Baldovinetti
Contribute so much, I ask him humbly?

Margheritone of Arezzo,
With the grave-clothes garb and swaddling barret,
(Why purse up mouth and beak in a pet so,
You bald, saturnine, poll-clawed parrot?)
No poor glimmering Crucifixion,
Where in the foreground kneels the donor?
If such remain, as is my conviction,
The hoarding does you but little honour.
They pass: for them the panels may thrill,
The tempera grow alive and tinglish—
Rot or are left to the mercies still
Of dealers and stealers, Jews and the English!
Seeing mere money's worth in their prize,
Who sell it to some one calm as Zeno
At naked Art, and in ecstasies
Before some clay-cold, vile Carlino!

No matter for these! But Giotto, you,
Have you allowed, as the town-tongues babble it,
Never! it shall not be counted true—
That a certain precious little tablet
Which Buonarroti eyed like a lover,
Buried so long in oblivion's womb,
Was left for another than I to discover,—
Turns up at last, and to whom?—to whom?
I, that have haunted the dim San Spirito,
(Or was it rather the Ognissanti?)
Stood on the altar-steps, patient and weary too:
Nay, I shall have it yet, *deter amant!*
My Koh-i-noor—or (if that's a platitudo)
Jewel of Giamschid, the Persian Soli's eye!
So, in anticipative gratitude,
What if I take up my hope and prophesy?

After reading this extract, will not every one be reminded—oh irreverent idea—of the Muses out on the "spree." We will present a poem entire, in order to show Mr. Browning's wilful adoption of abject phraseology, and his vagueness, or rather absence, of meaning. This habit of vagueness has, we fear, aggravated itself into second nature—into a disease of the intellect:

INSTANS TYRANNUS.

I.
Of the million or two, more or less,
I rule and possess,
One man, for some cause undefined,
Was least to my mind.
II.
I struck him, he grovelled of course—
For, what was his force?
I plinned him to earth with my weight
And persistence of hate—
And he lay, would not mean, would not curse,
As if lots might be worse.
III.
"Were the object less mean, would he stand
At the swing of my hand!
For obscurity helps him and blots
The hole where he squats."
So I set my five wits on the stretch
To inveigle the wretch.
All in vain! gold and jewels I threw,
Still he couched there perdue.
I tempted his blood and his flesh,
Hid in roses my mesh,
Choicest cakes and the flagon's best spilt—
Still he kept to his filth!
IV.
Had he kith now or kin, were access
To his heart, if I press—
Just a son or a mother to seize—
No such booty as these!
Were it simply a friend to pursue
'Mid my million or two,
Who could pay me in person or pelf
What he owes me himself.
No! I could not but smile through my clasp—
For the fellow lay safe
As his mates do, the midge and the nit,
—Through minuteness, to wit.

V.
Then a humour more great took its place
At the thought of his face,
The droop, the low cares of the mouth,
The trouble uncouth
'Twixt the brows, all that air one is faint
To put out of its pain—
And, no, I admonished myself,
"Is one mocked by an elf,
Is one baffled by toad or by rat?
The gravamen's in that!
How the lion, who crouches to suit
His back to my foot,
Would admire that I stand in debate!
But the Small is that Great
If it vexes you,—that is the thing!
Toad or rat vex the King?
Though I waste half my realm to unearth
Toad or rat, 'tis well worth!"

VI.
So I soberly laid my last plan
To extinguish the man.
Round his creep-hole,—with never a break
Ran my fires for his sake;
Over-head, did my thunders combine
With my under-ground mine:
Till I looked from my labour content
To enjoy the event.

VII.
When sudden . . . how think ye, the end?
Did I say "without friend?"
Say rather, from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his target
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an Arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast
Where the wretch was safe prest!
Do you see? just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
So, I was afraid!

If Thomas Little were now alive, we think he would have withheld his sneer on Pope, whom he stated to have

Spilt the ears of the town,
With his cuckoo-song verses, one up and one down,

since it is better to be spoilt by musical monotony and plain sense than to be confounded by such stanzas as "Instans Tyrannus."

We have expended our bile; turn we now with lighter heart and a more willing hand to the poet's manifold beauties. There is sufficient poetic wealth in "Up at a Villa," "Down in the City," to make a reputation for a poet. It is a gush of musical gossip, of genial utterance—for Robert Browning has come back to nature. Why should a man like Browning, with a fervid fancy and strong sense, ever turn aside from his best instructor? This charming little poem is presumed to be discoursed by an Italian person of quality, but of limited means. In point, humour, and geniality, our own thoroughly British Hood or Oliver Wendell Holmes, the American, might have written such a poem; but few else, since few possess sufficient humour and smartness combined. There are weighty reasons advanced why the speaker prefers the "City square:"

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square.
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there
Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast:
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a
beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain's edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!
—I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned
wool.

But the city, oh the city—the square with the houses! Why?
They are stone faced, white as a curd, there's something to
take the eye!
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry!

You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who
hurries by:
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun
gets high;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted prop-
erly.

Charming this, is it not? but more charming
still is the lyrical freshness which lives in the
needy old nobleman's objection to villa life.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by rights,
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off
the heights:

You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen
steam and wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint grey olive
trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you? you've summer all at once;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns!
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three
fingers well,
The wild rulp, at end of its tube, blows out its great red
bell,
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick
and sell.

All the year long at the villa, nothing's to see though you
linger,
Except you cypress that points like Death's lean lifted
forefinger.
Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix in the corn and
mingle,
Or thrill the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem
a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicada is
shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous
firs on the hill.
Enough of the seasons,—I spare you the months of the fever
and chill!

Then, again, the city is praised; but necessity,
ever a hard and iron taskmaster, compels the
choice of the villa.

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear! fowls, wine, at double
the rate.
They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays
passing the gate
It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the
city!
Beggars can scarcely be choosers—but still—ah, the pity,
the pity!
Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with
cowls and sandals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the
yellow candles.
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross
with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better pre-
vention of scandals.
Bang, whang, whang, goes the drum, tootle-te-tootle the fife.
Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in
life!

Such a poem as this only the more sorrowfully
reminds us that Robert Browning is not always
true to his genius. True to that genius, no poet
would write his name more indelibly on the page
of fame. Now we catch him in the right vein let
us proceed with him while he is lavishing love
and loveliness. There is that choice morsel, "A
Serenade at the Villa." We must give it entire.

A SERENADE AT THE VILLA.

I.

That was I, you heard last night
When there rose no moon at all,
Nor, to pierce the strained and tight
Tent of heaven, a planet small:
Life was dead, and so was light.

II.

Not a twinkle from the fly,
Not a glimmer from the worm.
When the crickets stopped their cry,
When the owls forbore a term,
You heard music; that was I.

III.

Earth turned in her sleep with pain,
Sultrily aspirated for proof:
In at heaven and out again,
Lightning!—where it broke the roof,
Bloodlike, some few drops of rain.

IV.

What they could my words expressed,
O my love, my all, my one!
Singing helped the verses best,
And when singing's best was done,
To my lute I left the rest.

V.

So wore night; the east was grey.
White the broad-faced hemlock flowers;
Soon would come another day;
Ere its first of heavy hours
Found me, I had past away.

VI.

What became of all the hopes,
Words and song and lute as well?
Say, this struck you—"When life gropes
Feebly for the path where fell
Light last on the evening slopes,

VII.

"One friend in that path shall be
To secure my steps from wrong;
One to count night day for me,
Patient through the watches long,
Serving most with none to see."

VIII.

Never say—as something bodes—
"So the worst has yet a worse!
When life halts 'neath double loads,
Better the task-master's curse
Than such music on the roads!"

IX.

"When no moon succeeds the sun,
Nor can pierce the midnight's tent
Any star, the smallest one,
While some drops, where lightning went,
Show the final storm begun—

X.

"When the fire-fly hides its spot,
When the garden-voices fall
In the darkness thick and hot,—
Shall another voice avail,
That shape be where those are not?"

XI.

"Has some plague a longer lease
Proffering its help uncouth?
Can't one even die in peace?
As one shuts one's eyes on youth,
Is that face the last one sees?"

XII.

Oh, how dark your villa was,
Windows fast and obdurate!
How the garden grudged me grass
Where I stood—the iron gate
Ground its teeth to let me pass!

Then, again, what few things have we to equal,
least of all to surpass, the stately simplicity,
the fervid flow of feeling, in scenes "In a Balcony?"
The man who can write three such scenes ought
to have made, or ought to make, a brilliant reputa-
tion in dramatic literature. Our readers will
mark well those scenes when they turn to Robert
Browning's two volumes, for they must turn to
them from intellectual necessity. We caution
our gentle readers not to be deterred if they alight
on absolute prose, misnamed poems, full of scho-
lastic ponderosities, or on fancies that have, or
appear to have, no object to serve, or on power
that plunges into the grotesque; for such things
are but as the mad fits, the wild head-dresses, the
straw-crowns of Lear, which obscure but cannot
obliterate the kingly bearing. For all such
drawbacks there is enough real poetry in the
volume to atone, and to atone handsomely too!
This one poem, our last extract, covers a multi-
tude of sins.

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

I.

All June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves,
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside? Alas!
Let them lie. Suppose they die;
The chance was they might take her eye.

II.

How many a month I strove to suit
These stubborn fingers to the lute!
To-day I venture all I know,
She will not hear my music? So!
Break the string—fold music's wing,
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

III.

My whole life long I learned to love.
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion.—Heaven or hell?
She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well!
Lose who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, best are they.

*Songs of the "Governing Classes," and other
Lyrics. Written in a seasonable spirit of
"Vulgar Declamation." By ROBERT B.
BROUGH. London: H. Vizetelly. 1855.*

THE name of Mr. Robert Brough must be, by
this time, perfectly familiar to all who skim what
is called the light literature of the day. Gifted
with great power of humour, and a keen sense of
the ridiculous, with a heart to feel for the strug-
gling poor, and a brain to detect the shams which
lie upon the surface of society, Mr. Brough stands
aloof from and superior to the crowd of mere
jesters and parodists, who see in the gravest ques-
tions nothing but material for an empty joke or a
silly pun. There is an oft-quoted and very pro-
found saying of Blaise Pascal, to the effect that a
joker must be a man of a bad disposition. A
mere joker always is. The perpetual fribble of

excitement, into which his intellect is thrown by
the sort of mental (and not unfrequently corpo-
real) dram-drinking in which he lives, so festers
his soul and eats into his brain that he becomes
nothing but the mere semblance of a man, hollow
alike in head and in heart. It is good for a man
to have his serious moments—moments in which
he can take some account of the faith that is in
him respecting matters of weight and moment.
Without them there is nothing to distinguish him
from the ape.

We have dwelt upon these features of the
jesting, or *simious* frame of mind (as it has
been aptly termed) because the writings of Mr.
Brough (so far as we have enjoyed opportunities
of studying them) betray qualities of intellect
far removed above this stratum of comedy, and
capable of producing works of a higher order
and infinitely more enduring than the common
run of comic periodical literature. He can be
serious even to sadness; and, when the subject
demands sober feeling and rational treatment,
he can give it both. We even dare to assert
that there are occasions when, deeply interested
in his subject, and animated by an honest zeal
against the particular knavery or folly which is
before him, his genius finds vent in outbursts of
that grand vein of true satire and genuine
humour which distinguishes the Juvenals, the
Molières, and the Swifts, from the mere snappers
and snarlers at the heels of society who miscall
themselves and are mis-called satirists.

The subject of the volume before us has been
suggested to Mr. Brough by Mr. E. M. Whitty's
remarkable series of sketches on "The Governing
Classes of Great Britain." These sketches,
which originally appeared in the columns of the
Leader, and have since been republished and
translated into almost every European language,
now enjoy a very lofty reputation. Like all
truly great books, this has proved a suggestive
or reproductive one; and Mr. Brough's present
volume is one of the eldest-born and most credi-
table of its children.

The first part consists of a series of portraits
not very difficult of recognition. "My Lord Tom-
noddy" has evidently more originals than one:—

My Lord Tomnoddy 's the son of an Earl,
His hair is straight, but his whiskers curl;
His Lordship's forehead is far from wide,
But there 's plenty of room for the brains inside.
He writes his name with indifferent ease;
He's rather uncertain about the "d's"—
But what does it matter, if three or one,
To the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son?

My Lord Tomnoddy must settle down—
There's a vacant seat in the family town!
'Tis true he should sow his eccentric oats—
He hasn't the wit to apply for votes:
He cannot e'en learn his election speech,
Three phrases he speaks—a mistake in each!
And then breaks down—but the borough is won.
For the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy prefers the Guards
(The House is a bore); so—'t's on the cards!
My Lord 's a Lieutenant at twenty-three;
A Captain at twenty-six is he:
He never knew sword, except on drill;
The tricks of parade he has learnt but ill—
A full-blown Colonel at thirty-one
Is the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four;
The Earl can last but a few years more:
My Lord in the Peers will take his place:
Her Majesty's Councils his words will grace.
Office he'll hold and patronage away;
Fortunes and lives he will vote away—
And what are his qualifications?—One.
He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

Not far afield need we go to find an original for
"Lord Charles Cleverley."

At soirées of all institutions,
As chairman to act he'll engage;
Of knottiest points the solutions
He'll give to men three times his age
He'll talk agriculture to graziers,
And bid them to cultivate grass;
He pats on the head even glaziers,
And tells them their business is—glass!

"Sir Menenius Agrippa, the friend of the
people," is a gentleman of the same class:

A Radical stout,
With a rental of sixty-five thousand about—

But who quietly waits for his peerage, never-
theless. To "Sir Gypes Tolloddle" Mr. Brough
has a compliment to pay.

He's loyal, generous—his word 's his bond to king or clown.
I grant him type of all those gifts have won our land renown;
And yet 't's hard—six parishes, twelve hamlets, and a town.
This splendid sample to produce, should be, as 'twere, bell'd
down.

Of a fine Old English Gentleman, worthy the olden time.
A series of "Historic Fancies" concludes the
volume; and, of these, the best is decidedly a
poem called "Godiva."

Godiva! not for countless tomes
Of war and kingcraft's leaden hist'ry,
Would I thy charming legend lose,
Or view it in the bloodless hues
Of fabled myth or myst'ry.

Thou tiny pearl of Demagogues!—
Thou blue-eyed rebel—blushing traitor!—
Thou sans-culotte, with dimpled toes,
Whose red cap is an op'ning rose—
Thou trembling agitator.

We must believe in thee! Our ranks
Of champions loom with faces grimy—
Pierce Tylers, from the anvil torn,
Rough-chested Tells with palms of horn—
Foul Cades, from ditches slimy.

Knit brows, fierce eyes, and sunken cheeks,
Fill up the vista stern and shady;
Our one bright speck we cannot spare,
Our regiment's sole Vivandière—
Our dainty little lady!

The whole is too much for quotation; but these verses are fair samples of its diction and fancy.

With two verses from a song called "Vulgar Declamation, or a Lesson to the Young," we take leave of Mr. Brough.

The Prince of Wales is just your age,
Together you will grow up;
He'll soon want money and a wife;
Don't—when the time comes—blow up
His marriage grant, however great,
Or heavy on the nation—
That stinting princes is the worst
Of VULGAR DECLAMATION.

And then, when common soldiers claim
Their share of wealth and glory,
And grudge the lions all the prize,
Don't you take up the story,
And, as for giving working-men
Ideas above their station,
'Tis positively wrong, as well
As VULGAR DECLAMATION.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Account of the Rivers of England and Wales. By SAMUEL LEWIS, jun. London: Longman and Co. This is a Cyclopædia of the Rivers of England, arranged alphabetically, briefly describing the course of each, with the more prominent of the scenic characteristics of its banks. Short accounts are introduced of the most important towns in their immediate neighbourhoods, or having a connection with them, the antiquities and other remarkable objects are noted, and with occasional memoranda of the famous persons who have been associated with them.

To the tourist, the lover of the picturesque, and the angler, this will be a welcome volume; for it is compact, and can be conveniently carried in the carpet-bag, so as to be at hand for reference when any of the localities described are visited. Mr. Lewis states his authorities always.

The Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society; Report and Selection of Papers for 1855. Leicester: Crossley and Clarke.

THE provincial societies, now so numerous, are performing important services to history and science by the researches they make into the antiquities and natural productions of their neighbourhoods. Distinguished among them is the Leicester Literary Society, which has preserved a record of its labours in a volume whose contents will testify to their value. Mr. Merewether has contributed a paper on the Curiosities of the Law in old times; Mr. Kelly has burrowed among the ancient records of Leicester, and drawn forth many curious scraps illustrative of the manners of our forefathers. Mr. Hollings has treated of Roman Leicester; and Dr. Kelsall of the Connection between Magnetic Phenomena and Epidemic Disease. It will be seen from this that the work has more than provincial worth.

Currency, Self-regulating and Elastic. London: Longman and Co.

WE announce the publication of this work as a fact in the literary record of the time; but we cannot pretend to review it. In the first place, we shudder at the very thought of a currency controversy; in the second place, we are unwilling to inflict upon our readers a topic so tedious and unprofitable. We must leave it to quarterly reviews, where there is space enough for dullness. The CRITIC does not profess to deal in dullness of any kind. Heavy subjects must be sought in other pages. It is our aim to amuse, to refine, to gratify the tastes, and to instruct, where instruction can be pleasantly conveyed, but not to be profoundly learned. The CRITIC is for the household more than for the study, and probably to its adherence to its design to be pleasing rather than prosing it owes its extraordinary popularity and circulation. This design of the CRITIC is our excuse for not reviewing at length a treatise on Currency, but contenting ourselves, and probably best satisfying our readers, by merely announcing its publication, that they for whom the subject may have an interest may peruse it if they please. It looks like a well-written book.

The sixth volume of *The select Works of Dr. Chalmers* (Constable and Co.), edited by his son-in-law, the Rev. W. Hanna, contains his famous treatise on the Evidences of Christianity and his Lectures upon Paley. It is a cheap and handsome volume. No household should be without it.

The fifth volume of *The Life and Works of Burke*, in "Bohn's British Classics," contains his celebrated Charge against Warren Hastings; his famous "Letter against a Regicide Peace;" his letters on the American war, on Catholic Emancipation, and other political topics. Although the subjects are now set at rest, the letters abound in incidental wisdom fitted for all times, and which never can be obsolete.

Mr. J. S. Blackie has addressed a letter to the Town Council of Edinburgh on the *Advancement of Learning in Scotland*. He suggests divers improvements in the educational system of that country.

Notes of some remarkable objects in the *Paris Exhibition* (Part I.) have been supplied by the English Commissioners to the Board of Trade, and are now published in a cheap form for general diffusion. They point out what are the characteristic features of the objects which most deserve the attention of art and industry at home.

Roman Catholicism in Spain, by an Old Resident (Johnstone and Hunter), is a one-sided picture of an unpleasing object. Roman Catholicism as it exists in Spain is bad enough; but there was no need to paint it so very black as this writer has done. He is indiscriminate in his abuse, and awards no set-off of praise. He rakes up every slander, without taking the trouble to ascertain its truth or falsehood, and parades it as a picture of the Church. This is not honest. In that fashion he assails in turn the clergy, monachism, celibacy, the mass, feast-days, purgatory, auricular confession, fasts and penances, and false miracles.

An essay by Guizot on the *Married Life of Lady Rachel Russell*, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in March last, has been translated by Mr. Martin, and issued in a small volume, which we recommend to the perusal of those who have not read the original. It is an eloquent tribute to the virtues of one of England's heroines.

The Religious Thoughts and Memoranda of a Believer in Nature (John Chapman) is a heterodox appeal from the formularies of churches to the religion of nature. It is extremely eloquent, and the author is manifestly sincere. Forbearant towards others, he is entitled to forbearance from them. He differs from them, as he has a right to do, and he states his difference and his reasons for it, soberly and fairly, and therefore he is entitled to a patient hearing. But he will fail to convince the Christian.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

IF the Courteous Reader will do us the favour to refer to the CRITIC of the 15th October, year of grace 1853, he will there find an article, penned by ourselves, and headed "*Esthonia*," which, under straitened limits, gives some account of the poetry of the Finlanders, and examples of the peculiar metre which Longfellow has adopted in his new and beautiful poem "*Hiawatha*." So far we claim to have been the first who announced to any great portion of the reading public, that the Finns and the Esths, their descendants, have native traditions and a collection of native ballads, nearly the whole of which are written in one strain—in a similar metre. With this latter fact we have no doubt Mr. Longfellow is quite familiar, and, in some directions, we observe that he has disturbed the conservative prejudices of critics for having adopted this particular metre instead of one of the time-honoured, see-saw metres of the past. The poet, we consider, however, has shown the proper independence of the poet. He will sing as he lists. What sad hum-drum stuff the materials of "*Hiawatha*" would have been in the lines of Pope or even in those of "*Glorious John*!" Here is heresy.

We have put an "if" to the courteous reader; but, well knowing that his indulgence oft gets the better of his courtesy, we return to the subject, quoting from fresh sources. And first, in the *Beiträge zur genauern Kenntniss der Esthnischen Sprache* ("Contributions to a more intimate knowledge of the Esthonian language"), a work containing a vast amount of information respecting the literature of Esthonia and the grammatical structure of the Finnish and Esthonian languages—we find a valuable contribution by Carl Jaak Peterson on the Finnish mythology. Not to trouble the reader with account of Jumala, the supreme God of the ancient Finns; of Ukko,

their Jupiter or thunder-god; of Rauni, the Juno of Ukko, and Maan-Emonen his other wife (the Earth-mother or Hertha of our own Saxon ancestors)—we come at once to the Orpheus and Apollo of the Finlanders, to the renowned Wäinämöinen. He was a god of the air, and ruled over fire and water. He forged iron, or lent, at least, his fire for the purpose. His mantle was so sacred that it was regarded as a Palladium; he who could touch it was free from danger. His dress was of the gayest colours, and his girdle was adorned with plumes of every hue and shade, and he appears to have been provided with wings even, like another Mercury. Fowls and hunters called on Wäinämöinen, that he might strike the chords of his harp to entice and fascinate the wild creatures of the woods and forests with their delightful sounds. This harp had certainly wonderful powers, and forms the subject of various songs. From the introduction to one of these, we take the following lines, as at once illustrative of the Finnish language, and of the peculiar measure we have already alluded to.

Itte wanna Wainemöinen
Teki kalliolla kandaletta.
Kust on koppa kandaletta?

Thus runs the translation:—

He the ancient Wäinämöinen
Made a harp from out the quarry.
Made a harp—of what the belly?
Made it of the sturdy birchwood.
And of what made he the harp-frame?
Made it of the smoothed oak branch.
And of what made he the harp-strings?
Made them of the hair of horses,
Of the hair of handsome billics.

To economise space we proceed with the verses in a prose form, but still endeavouring to preserve the measure.

And the ancient Wäinämöinen called the maidens, called the striplings, to touch the harpstrings with

their fingers; but no sounds came forth of pleasure—no harmonic sounds came forth.

Then he called on manhood powerful—called on women strong of body; but no tones of mirth were present—no harmonic sound was there.

He himself, old Wäinämöinen, seized the harp and touched the harp-strings; held the harp upon his knees there, and upon the strings his fingers. Then came forth such strains of beauty, then came harmony the sweetest.

Not a creature in the forest, not a brute on four feet running, not a bird on two wings flying, that did not instant hasten to him; e'en the bear was quite delighted with the lyre of Wäinämöinen. Thou, the wise one of the forest—prudent nymph, thou Tapiola! Bring to me a sledge with peltz-work; come present me with a treasure—treasure for my golden playing!

And so he called upon the little fishes, and played before them so prettily that they leapt for joy. The sea-goddesses, the syrens and dolphins, rose to the surface of the water and approached the strand to listen to the musician. Wäinämöinen, himself, was at length so moved by his own sweet music that tears fell from his eyes. He was the patron of singers, the Apollo of the Finns. He surpassed the Swedish skalds Eiwiander and Smider, famous for their skill upon the harp; for when he touched the strings and sang his song every sense was stirred. His fancy was rich, his thoughts lofty. He sang the fame of ancient heroes, the foundation of the universe, the origin of fire, the hidden nature of matter, the air vibrated when he sang, and the hills gave back the echoes of his song. He mourned the vanity of human life and mortals shed tears. Hearts of stone he moved to compassion, and to the sorrowful he brought joy. But we must take our leave of Wäinämöinen. His music is still heard when the wind sighs in the pine-forests and the waves dash mournfully on the sea-strand.

From *Neus's Esthnische Volkslieder* we take the following lines:—

I am but a lonely orphan,
Lonely maiden little cared for,
Lonely, lonely as the birch-heron,
Yet the birch-heron has her lover,
Her companion with the red-comb.

Lonely I am like the swallow, yet the swallow has her fellow,—mate from out the distant country.—Like the crane I am so lonely; yet the lonely crane caresses, her beloved the high-footed.—Like the duck I am so lonely; yet the duck she has her bridegroom, her protector the web-footed.—I am poor and very lonely; orphan maiden quite forsaken!—I have no one, have no father; I have no one, have no mother; sister none that for me blossoms; brother none that for me ventures.

We hasten to notice another work, *Suomi, Tidskrift i fosterländska ämnen*. This work was printed periodically at Helsingfors. We fear that the war has taken the life out of it, as it has taken the life out of much else. It is written in Swedish, and devoted to the interests of Finlandish history and literature, containing, besides, many valuable papers respecting the trade, commerce, agriculture, antiquities, and population of the country. Here we encounter farther specimens of the poetry of Finland. Carl Gustavus Borg gives a translation of the songs of Kullervo, from the second edition of Kalevala, who was one of the heroes of the Fins. They commence—

Many doves my mother fosters,
Many swans has she to care for.
The doves they sit upon the house-top,
And the swans go to the river.
Came an eagle, upsome carried,
Came a hawk, and many scattered,
Winged birds bore some away.
One was taken far to Karlen,
And another ta'en to Russia,
The third was left at home to tarry.

He who was to Russia carried, grew, became a clever merchant; he who stolen was to Karlen, was young Kalervo, the wayward; who at home was singly tutored, fostered, taught by Untamoinen, till he was his father's grievance, till he was his mother's sorrow.

The story is a wild one, with many passages of deep pathos. Kalervo, the wayward, is all along the person on whom the interest of the story turns. It would far exceed our space to give his history and adventures. We have done our duty in indicating the source from which we derive our information. The same translator gives us, in another volume, examples from the eleventh rune of Kalevala. Kylli is herein celebrated:—

Kylli was a maid of Saari,
Saari's maiden flower of Saari.
Kylli it was hard to woo.
For his son the sun besought her,
But the son's home did not please her,
Would not with the sun be shining,
Under summer's gliding day.
For her son the moon besought her,
But the moon's home did not please her,
Would not with the moon be shining,
Would not round the sky be wandering.
For her son the star besought her,
But she cared not for the star's home,
Cared not all night long to twinkle
In the cold sky of the winter.

We must again hurry on to give account of the tragedy of *Klaus Kurek och liden Ellen*—Nicholas Kurek and little Ellen—a genuine Finnish story. Our authority is still *Suomi*.

Klaus came to the house of little Ellen with a hundred horsemen in his train, and proposes to her five brothers to purchase her. He is informed that the Finns sell horses, but not women. Klaus would not have it so. Breaking open the door with his sword, he exclaims:—

The Finns have maidens, one to sell me,
For my money I must have one.

Ellen's mother comes down and answers Klaus:—

Here no maiden can we sell thee,
Not a girl have we to give thee.
Maidens here are fair and modest,
Maidens here are not for hiring.

Klaus replies: "The Finns have got the little Ellen; can I not have the little Ellen?" Ellen entreats: "Give me not, thou best of mothers; give me not to Klaus away! All too young is little Ellen; cannot guide the men and maidens; cannot care for food and victuals; cannot guard the barn and pantry." Klaus informs her that his housemaid Kerstin could well attend to all these matters. Ellen tells him that Kerstin has wished her in the fire, and fears that she will do her some evil. Klaus endeavours to overrule her objections. The poor girl consents at length, receives the ring, and goes with Klaus to Laucko, his estate. Kerstin, who had hoped to have Klaus for husband, determines to ruin the young wife. Her vengeance is terrible. She goes slyly to Klaus, and says: "Klaus, my good friend,

little wist thou; little wist thou that thy housewife secretly is seen by Olaf." The husband's jealousy is at once aroused; he desires to have proof of his wife's infidelity. Kerstin proposes that he should arrange as if he were going to attend a distant *ting*, or district meeting, and yet he was not to go farther than Aumas' barn in the neighbourhood, where he should be concealed until she could prove to him the truth of what she had said—an arrangement to which Klaus consents. He proceeds to his wife, and says: "Ah, my own, my little Ellen, in a jar put me some butter, some bread put me in a wallet, eggs five score, and flitch of bacon. I am bound upon a journey, far to *ting* in northern country." Ellen entreats him not to tarry long; reminds him that she is near her confinement; counsels him to arm himself well, and, above all, "to drink but barely half a measure," that he may escape the wiles of the northern witches and warlocks. She then packs up the homely provisions he demands, and he departs. The wicked Kerstin now sets to work; she does everything contrary to the wishes of her mistress; where one pillow should have been placed she lays two; and now little Ellen is near the hour of labour. Kerstin left the room of her mistress and went to Olaf, saying: "Olaf, head of all the servants, come now quick to Klaus's chamber; there in sooth you, help is needed, and they bade me say, be speedy." Olaf is surprised at receiving such a message; but, unsuspecting of mischief, he obeys it. Entering the room where Ellen is lying, he is instantly barred in by Kerstin, who then runs to Aumas barn to advertise Klaus. He arrives, is convinced of his wife's guilt, and in his fury sets fire to the house at every corner. The stifling smoke enters the chamber of the unfortunate woman, who meanwhile has given birth to a man-child.

And the young wife, little Ellen,
Stretched her finger through the window,
Wedding ring upon the finger:
"O, mine own, my Klaus the dearest,
May not this thine own ring save me!"

Klaus makes no answer, but drawing his sword cuts off her finger. She again entreats.

Then the young wife, little Ellen, held her infant to the window, held it up to Klaus and weeping; "O mine own, my Klaus the dearest, save thy son from fire and burning, if thou wilt not spare the mother."

Klaus replies:—

"Burn with thee thy child, thou harlot; burn with thee the little bastard; not of me was he begotten; big-limbed Olaf is his father."

Ellen prays to Jesus that she may be spared to see her mother once more, and dispatches her brother, Uoti, to Suomela, her early home, to fetch her, telling him—"Bid my mother she come hither, say not how it is but better." Uoti speeds on his errand. The character of the verse will here be best understood from an extract. The haste of the mother is thus set forth:—

Speedy from her bed arose she, speedily began to dress her: "Alas, alas, I saddest woman! How I tread upon my kirtle, ever putting it on backwards. How, then, is it with my daughter?"

"Well your daughter is, good mother,
Well before, and this day better."

"Alas, alas, I saddest woman! How I hinder with my stockings, ever putting them on backwards. How, then, is it with my daughter?"

"Well your daughter is, good mother,
Well before, and this day better."

"Alas, alas, I saddest woman! How I tear my shoes in tatters, ever putting them on wrongly. How, then, is it with my daughter?"

"Well your daughter is, good mother,
Well before, and this day better."

Alas, alas, I saddest woman! How my head gear I do rumple, ever putting things on wrongly. How, then, is it with my daughter?

"Well your daughter is, good mother,
Well before, and this day better."

The mother approaches the blazing house of Laucko:

"Alas, alas, I saddest woman! The smoke ascends on high from Laucko, seems to rise up from the farmstead. What mischance has there arisen, that the smoke ascends so blackly?"

She reaches the farm and entreats Klaus to save his wife: "Nay," he answered, "Nay, I shall consume the harlot; burn the harlot and her bantling." She again entreats that the mother and child might be spared, and allowed to quit the country. But now came forth the wicked Kerstin: "Do not so, my Klaus, thou dearest! Black meal take, an ample measure; add thereto, of tar, a barrel; cast them in,

the fire to nourish, better thus goes on the burning!" Hereupon the mother says: "O, mine own, my little Ellen; O, my child, my poor, poor, daughter; if that thou wert now forgiven, obey awhile the woman Kerstin." Ellen refuses; she denies that she has ever been guilty. Bidding farewell to her mother, she sinks down in the flames. The house falls, burying the wicked Kerstin in the ruins. Klaus Kurek is then represented as stricken with remorse, sitting by the dying embers, his face buried in his hands, tears flowing from his eyes. A beggar-man comes by and asks him "Klaus Kurek, why weep ye so?" "Reason enough I have to weep," said Klaus, "I have burned my own wife and child." "But," said the beggar, "I have news of little Ellen."—"Where, O where is my wife Ellen?" The beggar answers:

Ellen has her place in heaven, high among the heavenly dwellings, at the feet of God she sitteth; candles six burn bright before her; a gold book in her hand she holdeth, and her child is on her bosom: Olaf he lies by her door. Klaus Kurek, too, full well I know him!

"Where shall Klaus Kurek have his dwelling?" inquires the wretched man. "Deep and dark shall be his dwelling. And I know the woman Kerstin; deeper still shall be her dwelling, low down in the dismal pit!" The beggar goes on his way. Wherever he treads light marks his footsteps, and Klaus recognises in him a messenger from above. Filled with despair, he saddles his horse, rides to the strand, ascends his best ship, and, putting out, sinks himself with all he possesses in the deep sea. The site of this tragedy is still pointed out.

We must apologise if we have detained the reader too long over these Finnish ballads and legends.

We have been hovering about the Gulf of Finland, and here is M. Léouzon-le-Duc who pretends to take us into the Baltic. *La Baltique*, however, confines us too much to Stockholm and the Gotha Canal, and to details respecting the Swedish soldiery and clergy. He tells a good story of an Englishman whose acquaintance he made, on board a steam-boat, who had been all the way from London to Tornea, to see the sun at midnight. On the day when this phenomenon would take place he established himself on the summit of the mountain, Ava-Saxa, well furnished with provisions. He ate heartily, drank copiously, and at night went to sleep, first ordering John to awake him at the critical moment. Midnight arrived. John shook his Lordship—all travelling Englishmen are lords—and his Lordship said to John, "Leave me alone; I wish to sleep." "But this is the last day, you know." "Never mind, it is all the same thing, I can come again next year."

We have left ourselves bare space to mention M. Guizot's little work, *L'Amour dans le Mariage*. Its nature may be gathered from the following lines:—"In studying the English Revolution, I have fallen in with two histories, more attracting, in my opinion, than any romance—a king seeking a marriage of love, and love in the household of a liberal and Christian nobleman. It is private life with its most charming and most dolorous secrets, in the traits of the greatest personages and in the midst of the greatest events of public life. I shall relate, perhaps, one day, the project of the king's marriage: at present I have to speak of the household of the nobleman." He then proceeds in his own pleasant style to sketch the heroic characters of Lord Russell and Lady Russell his wife. We know and admire them as historical characters; but in M. Guizot's pages we see them at home, pious and devoted, tender and affectionate, and we admire and respect them more and more.

Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the *thaler* at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

FRENCH.

Annuaire des Deux-Mondes. Histoire générale des divers Etats. Paris. 8vo. 12s.
De l'ame, essai expérimental. E. Cornault. Paris. 8vo.
Ma bibliothèque française. Hector Bossange. Paris. 8vo.—This volume contains a monography of 1167 works.
D'Arband-Porehères, édité pour la première fois, avec ses notes scientifiques et un fac-simile de son écriture. Paris. 8vo.
Le dragon de la reine, ou Costal l'Indien, roman historique. Gabriel Ferry. 4 vols. Paris. 8vo. 12s.
Enseignement historique et géographique d'après le nouveau plan d'études arrêtés par M. le ministre de l'instruction publique, &c. M. Ansart fils et A. Rendu. Paris. 12mo.

Les filles de Plâtre. *Les trois débuts*. Xavier de Montépin. 7 vols. Paris. 8vo. 52s.
 Le Fou de la Bastille. Madame Clémence Robert. 3 vols. Paris. 8vo. 13s.
 Madame de Montanquin. Paul de Kock. 5 vols. Paris. 8vo. 37s. 6d.
 Les Mohicans de Paris. *Salvator le Commissaire*. 2 vols. Paris. 8vo. 15s.
 Nouvelles: Les deux maîtresses; Emmeline; Le fils du Titien; Frédéric et Bernerette; Croisilles; Margot. Alfred de Musset. Paris. 18mo. 3s.
 Pierrette. H. de Balzac. Paris. 16mo. 1s.
 La Roche Sanglant. Roman. Moïse-Gentilhomme et Constant Guérault. 5 vols. Paris. 8vo. 22s. 6d.
 Le spectre de Châtillon. Elie Berthet. 5 vols. Paris. 8vo. 37s.

GERMANY.

Blicke neber des bühmische Volk. J. Wenzig. Leipzig. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
 Ein Kaufmann, &c. (A merchant; picture of Hamburg manners). W. Christen. 2 vols. Altona. 8vo. 6s.
 Die Kunst hundert Jahre zu leben (The art of living a hundred years). Behrend. Nuremberg. 16mo. 3s.
 Ein Mädchen aus dem Volke. Romance. K. Gutzkow. Leipzig. 16mo. 2s.
 Nachgelassene Schriften (Posthumous Works of Ludwig Tieck), edited by R. Kipke. 2 vols. Leipzig. 8vo. 7s.
 Die Tochter der Luft. Romance. J. Scherr. Leipzig. 16mo. 2s.
 Ueber die Mittel, &c. (On the means of arriving at a better physical education of future generations). K. F. H. Strass. Berlin. 8vo.

FRANCE.

Le Devoir. Par JULES SIMON. Paris. 1855.

THE political revolutions which, during two-thirds of a century, France has been undergoing, have not yet produced their due effect on its moral condition. The thunders have burst, and shattered much that was evil along with much that was venerable, but they have not cleared the atmosphere. That, as regards that righteousness which is of so much more importance than any political freedom or political privileges, France has not been indifferent or stationary, cannot be questioned. Yet the results have been so small, and have been so slow in emerging, that we feel as if nothing had been done. The causes of the mischief are not far to seek. The nations of the Continent, and especially the French, are accustomed to look to men in the mass, and to take no heed of the individual; and, in their schemes of reformation, they systematically consider, not how the external grows from the internal, but how the internal may be modified by the external. Now it needs no demonstration that all moral amendment must begin with and from the individual, and that not till the individual is transfigured and transfigured by holy influences can the nation march in the way of God's commandments. It is equally manifest that from the fullness and fervour of the nation's life as fashioning its institutions, and not from the dominance of its institutions on its life, must the richest and most nourishing moral fruits be gathered. Renew, regenerate the individual; encourage the nation's life to develop itself in appropriate forms, and the French, that gallant, generous, and gifted people, will not for ever rush on as now, from tragedy to tragedy, without spiritual profit, but be purified and ennobled by their awful sacrifices, shine by faithfulness to austere and enduring virtues as much as by aboundingness of faculty and of valour, and conquer in still diviner combats than those of the sword.

More from its tendency to aid the two chief means of moral improvement in France, of which we have spoken, than from any recognition by us of surpassing merit, are we disposed to welcome M. Simon's volume. It is a discourse on Duty, that most terrible—but, simply by being terrible, that most merciful—of Heaven's ministers on earth. We are much disposed in these days to accept the exaggerated sentimentalities of benevolence in the place of duty. Love is more beautiful than duty, but then only when it does what duty could not do so well. As a substitute for duty it is an imposture and a leprosy; is not, in fact, love at all. He sins against both love and duty who ever puts them in direct antagonism. If you are a dishonest tradesman, yet from the excess of your sympathies are the most willing of almsgivers, it is doubtful whether your tenderness is not rather a fault than an excellence, for it blinds you to your own enormous defects, your own unpardonable delinquencies. Justice and judgment are the foundations of God's throne, even if from the throne itself stream the rays of everlasting mercy. Nature in our deepest and most opulent impulses teaches love; man must be the incessant teacher of duty. Fear not

lest the fountains of affection should dry up; but fear lest the prophet's voice, denouncing wrong and proclaiming duty, should for a season be silent. Eternal order and eternal law add their utterance to the prophet's voice; but he that hath no ear for the prophet's voice will have no eye for eternal order and eternal law. The heart unpurged by remorse and repentance beholds in eternal order and eternal law nothing but a glorious spectacle. A robust and healthy individual conscience will be the robust and the healthier from witnessing the harmonious march of the stars, from listening to the music of the spheres, from contemplating the regular unfolding of forces in the universe. Yet when the conscience is not robust and healthy these things would tend rather to deaden it altogether. You can no more implant conscience than you can implant any other faculty. But while some faculties, like the imagination, grow of their own accord, and often grow the more the more they are neglected, conscience demands a direct, vigorous, and unremitting culture. In grand, strong ages, this culture is found in the achievements of heroes and in the heroic deeds of the community. In weaker, corrupter ages, it must be found, the hero and the heroic vanished, in the fulminations of the reformer. If the reformer be absent, the satirist must scourge. If there be no satirist to scourge, then those called moralists must do what is in them to set forth the immutable principles of virtuous action. Hercules is better than Luther, Luther better than Juvenal, Juvenal better than Seneca; but if you cannot have Hercules, Luther, or Juvenal, you must get from Seneca what service you can. We must confess that your moralist is rather a dull companion. He deals in platitudes; he is pedantic; he is pretentious; he is unjust to passion; he overrates the value of abstinences and of ascetic practices; and he preaches a constraint which in its minuteness and stringency cannot fail to narrow the mind and weaken the character. If the Stoics rose to something higher than this, it was because they were something more than moralists. The worth of the moralist is that by his unwearied iteration and reiteration of certain primordial truths he keeps, however faintly, before men the image and the idea of duty, till, through a fresh influx of energy, they can once more be panoplied with the godlike, even in their most insignificant affairs.

M. Simon's work deserves attentive perusal, but it is not without the defects common to all treatises on morals. It lacks poetic colour and prophetic fire. It is more an eloquent, though often tedious, catalogue of the subordinate duties which duty, as a grand unity, involves and imposes, than an irresistible picture, illumined by celestial light, of the brave career which the noble soul should unswervingly pursue. M. Simon belongs to the band of distinguished men who have done so much for the revival of a spiritual philosophy in France. He is the determined foe of Conticism and all other execrable systems of Sensationalism. He has written a copious, careful, and esteemed history of the Alexandrian school. He was a contributor to that "Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques" which every student of philosophy in England should possess. By their enlightened, indefatigable, and devoted efforts M. Simon and his friends have been aiding not only the cause of morality, religion, and metaphysical inquiry, but of reason. With a spiritual philosophy gaining more and more sway in France, a despotism there for more than a brief season is impossible. No sincere spiritual philosopher can be the flatterer of successful crime. M. Simon and his brethren may accept the present ruler of France as a political necessity; but they offer him no homage; they pollute not their hands with his gold; they stand coldly aloof, yet without obtrusive disdain, plotting not, but patiently awaiting the end which cannot be far off. This feature in the actual condition of France seems altogether overlooked by the gentlemen who enlarge so glowingly in the newspapers on the popularity of Louis Napoleon. In a conventional, conservative country like England such popularity, granting it to be as real and extensive as it seems, would count for something; but, in a country so almost exclusively governed by ideas as France, such popularity cannot be trusted. Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe, were all, in their way, popular kings; yet the first of the three died unregretted, and the two others fell undeplored. Louis Napoleon has no hold on the rising intellect of France. He is obliged, in con-

sequence, to coquette with the Ultramontanists, who use him, of course, for their own purposes. Now, if the Ultramontanists had to contend only with the negative Atheistic philosophy which prevailed among the French in the last century, they might be able to strengthen Louis Napoleon's position; but the Jesuitical trickeries they employ, and the detected and detested superstitions which they unfold, avail not against a philosophy whose natural alliance is with religion. The chief sagacity which Louis Napoleon has shown has been in appealing to the interests of some classes and the prejudices of other classes; but, pandering to low motives, can you complain if those low motives desert you as soon as they find it convenient to do so? In our remarks on this point we have no wish to disturb the friendly relations which exist between France and England; neither would we, for a moment, echo the hideous shriek of a vaunting, vapouring demagogueism. We do not love Louis Napoleon; we do not approve the means by which he rose to empire; we see in him no trace or trait of the great man, and we do not even admire his dexterity; but let France, by all means, bear with him till she can see her way out of the chaos and the turmoil to something better. It is not for the purpose of attacking Louis Napoleon that we allude to him, but more with the view of illustrating the necessary influence of philosophy on the future destinies of France. And in this respect M. Simon's book, were its merits even less than they are, is a sign of the times. It has gone rapidly through three editions, and has had conferred upon it one of the prizes of which the French Academy disposes. In the reign of our Charles the Second a somewhat peculiar Platonism was the true protest against the vices of the King, the corruption of the Court, the degradation and enslavement of the people. And literature aspires at present to perform a similar office in France. It thus, however, loses as literature what it gains as moral power. Whatever title or whatever shape they may assume, yet all the books now published in France are more or less social or political pamphlets. A history in a dozen volumes by Thiers, by Lamartine, or by Louis Blanc is simply a pamphlet of that character. Unavoidably, here everything is opposed to a pure artistic creation such as is to live for ever. But better that literature should suffer than that the nation should perish. France has done enough for literature; and when the ferment has exhausted itself, and when she is once more a grand national unity, she will do much for literature again. Perhaps it will be fairest to M. Simon to regard his book as a political pamphlet in the guise of a philosophical treatise. But here political allusion comes in more awkwardly than in history. He who chronicles the French Revolution is led at every step to apply what occurred sixty years ago to living men and passing events. But the mere moralist must always seem to be wandering from his peculiar province when he ventures either on political suggestion or on political attack. This artistic blunder could only be compensated for by additional warmth. To pretend to write about politics calmly is pure hypocrisy. Politics can interest us no further than we are the passionate adherents of one opinion or another. M. Simon, however, is the more frigid the nearer he approaches those subjects which have stirred the heart of France for so many years. This has probably arisen from the desire to be impartial where it is so difficult to be impartial, and to be moderate where there is so much fierceness of feeling and intemperance of expression. Page after page we have panted for some burst of holy rage, yet at the end of every page we have been compelled to wonder how so earnest a man could speak so tamely and so timidly. This is the natural reaction against the extravagances and ferocities of Red Republicanism. M. Simon and such as he are so afraid of what is coarse and cruel, that they strangle the strong utterance of profound conviction and of righteous indignation.

As a work of most excellent intention and considerable ability, as a work which in moral education may be safely placed by every father in the hands of his son, by every mother in the hands of her daughter, M. Simon's treatise on Duty deserves and receives our heartiest commendation. But, to make as far as we can its perusal more profitable, we offer a few remarks on one or two essential points.

We think that M. Simon has fallen into a great error in seeking a metaphysical basis for the moral, a metaphysical bulwark thereto. If/

the metaphysical the moral may seem to be,—for it can never really be,—strengthened by the metaphysical, it may also be quibbled and juggled away. For instance, M. Simon shows, what we must all at once admit, that there can be no morality without the consciousness of moral freedom. But he must needs give a metaphysical demonstration of this, the only effect of which is to inspire doubts regarding that which we so naturally believe. All the primordial truths which are rooted as instinctive creed in the human bosom should be let alone. It would be absurd to show that the mother ought to love her babe. It is not less absurd to show that a man ought to have the consciousness of moral freedom; for he possesses that consciousness from an impulse as irresistible as the mother's bosom flows forth in affection to her offspring. If Pyrrhonism is abroad at this hour among men, it is not the Pyrrhonists who are its propagators, but the foolish and fanatical believers who are so incessantly piling up argument and evidence in favour of that which comes of itself to the soul of every man. Both in morality and in religion what is most real is the moral and religious faculties. You admit the reality of these by appealing to them. How silly, after this, to proceed to the demonstration of their existence!

An error quite as fatal with which M. Simon is chargeable is attempting to prove that even in the most apparently unselfish actions there is a selfish motive. If this were true, why should the selfish cease to be selfish, or why should the unselfish remain so? Unless in heroic and noble deeds every leaven and lineament, every tinge and tone of egoism, were excluded, how separate by so broad a gulf what is good and what is evil in the universe? If by subtle analysis, by minute and searching anatomy, you can make plain to me that in whatsoever of divinest the Spirit of Love and the Spirit of Sacrifice have urged the saint and the martyr to do, there is the idea, the inspiration of interest, you justify the grossest vices and the blackest villainies into which I may plunge. If there can be either moralities of calculation or religions of calculation, the question then between the Son of God and the Son of the Devil comes to be who is the best calculator. And may not the Son of the Devil, with the eloquence of sophistry, be only too successful in confounding the Son of God? Besides, from a spiritual philosophy, an unselfish morality inevitably follows; so that M. Simon is inconsistent with his own philosophical theories, and surrenders to the sensationalists the points for which they are the most ardent in contending.

M. Simon's work is divided into four books—the first on Liberty; the second on Passion; the third on the Moral Idea; the fourth on Action.

The first has chapters on the demonstration of liberty; on the principal objections to liberty, morally and metaphysically considered; and on habit.

The second has chapters on the origin and classification of the passions; on self-love; on the love of humanity; on divine love; on the state of a soul governed by the passions.

The third has chapters on the idea of justice; on the nature of justice; on the formula of justice.

The fourth has chapters on the division of duties, and the proper objects of the judgments of conscience; on the obligation of respecting in ourselves what is right; on the obligation of respecting right in others; on the right of God over his creatures, and of the duties that result therefrom for man; of the happy life.

All these chapters contain matter and matters of grave import. Wherein M. Simon tends most to feebleness and fallacy is when he discourses of the passions. In speaking of these he writes like one who had never known what either sin or sorrow was. He talks foolishly as if we could reason with passion; whereas the best way to deal with passion is by exciting nobler and yet nobler passions for evermore, so that at last the soul is carried, like Elijah, on a fire-chariot to heaven. We often, in pursuit of perfection, walk with bleeding feet over the flinty stones of the desert, when on the wings of flame we could be borne to the spheres, where the angels dwell and where the beatitudes are undying.

ATTICES.

Histoire de ma Vie ("Story of my Life"). Par GEORGE SAND. Paris: Lecou. 1855. Tomes IX., X., XI.

(Continued from page 558.)

WE now return to that period of Madame Dudevant's life which, after the sudden death of her

father, was spent under the guardianship and tutelage of her grandmother. Her mother occasionally visited them; but, having a divided charge in the shape of an illegitimate daughter named Caroline, whom Madame Dupin could not be prevailed upon to admit into the family, her time was divided between Nohant and Paris. To a certain extent the existence of the little Aurore was also divided in the same manner. Part of each year was spent in Paris and part at Nohant, but always under the supervision of her grandmother. The phases of society thus alternately presented to her youthful mind were curious; but she seems to have appreciated them all with wonderful accuracy. Take, for instance, this life-like sketch of the gossiping old ladies and gentlemen of the Legitimist school of politics, who surrounded her grandmother when in Paris.

It was a society of women rather than men, and, as there was little moral difference between the sexes, the men were quite as bad as the silliest old gossips there. Every day they brought us one of Talleyrand's ill-natured jokes against his master, or some backstairs scandal or other. Sometimes the Emperor had beaten the Empress; sometimes he had pulled the Pope's beard. Then he was afraid, and went about in armour. Another day he had gone mad and spat in the face of M. Cambacérès. Then his son, delivered from the mother by an operation, had died at the moment of birth, and the little King of Rome was the son of a Parisian baker. Or the forces had pressed upon his brain and he was an incurable idiot; whereupon they rubbed their hands, as if the birth of an heir to the soldier of fortune was a providential punishment to France for having neglected her legitimate idiots.

How unchangeable are in reality the manners of a people! Those who know anything of the present state of society in the French metropolis will at once understand what we mean when we point to these silly inventions of feeble malice, and ask whether precisely similar *canards* are not daily manufactured in the very same grade of society?

Even in the common-places of rural life the little Aurore was at no loss for material whereupon to exercise her powers of observation. The curate of Saint-Chartier, in the neighbourhood of Nohant, was quite a character (a sort of Trulliber translated into French), and afforded her no little amusement.

The old curate of Saint-Chartier was an excellent man, but totally destitute of religious idealism. Although he had a *de* prefixed to his name, I believe him to have been a peasant by birth, for he had their manners and their language to such a degree that when he preached they never lost a single word of his sermon; * which they must inevitably have done had his discourses been a little more evangelical. Sometimes he would address his flock upon household matters; and sometimes, with a freedom full of good-fellowships, he would say from the pulpit: "My dear friends, you perceive that I have received from the Archbishop an order to have another procession. This is all very fine talking of his Grace! He has got a fine coach to carry his Greatness, and a tail of fellows to put themselves out of the way in his service; but I am an old man, and it is no light job to arrange you in procession. Most of you know nothing of *hue* or *dia*. You push each other and tread upon each other's toes, you crowd together both in going in and going out of church, and I am obliged to be angry and to swear at you; but you don't attend to me and conduct yourselves just like calves in a stable. I am quite tired of these processions, which do no good either towards your salvation or mine. The weather is bad, the roads are spoiled, and if his Grace were obliged to tramp about like us through the mud, with the rain at his back, he wouldn't be so fond of ceremonies. In good faith, I have no desire to put myself out of the way about it, and if you take my advice you will stay at home. Aye, aye, I hear Father So-and-So blaming me, and my servant-girl does not agree with me. Very well, let those who like it make a procession. You may do as you please, but I'll not budge into the fields you may depend. I'll give you a procession round the church, and that will be quite enough. So that's settled. And now let us finish the Mass, which has been a great deal too long already."

That the Mass was occasionally too long was also the opinion of a fat old lady who regularly attended the church.

"*Quelle diable de Messe*," she would say quite loud, "the fellow will never have finished!"—"*Allez au diable*," said the curate in an under tone, and then turning to the auditory he would cry, "*Dominus vobiscum*."

At this time Aurore was in her seventh year.

* A very poor reason for so believing. The experience of most of our readers will doubtless supply instances of men of birth and education who have either acquired or assume the dialect, pronunciation, and manners of the common people.

Such education as she then had was from Deschartres, who endeavoured to initiate her into the mysteries of the Latin tongue; but he was a rough teacher, and one day, when he had thrown a dictionary at her head, the young girl refused with some spirit to learn from him any more, and the matter was permitted to fall through. Upon the occasion of Madame Dupin's next visit to Paris, masters were engaged, and a companion found in the grand-daughter of one of Madame Dupin's oldest friends, Madame de Fargès. This little girl, whose name was Pauline de Pontcarre, was older and more advanced than Aurore; in fact, she appears to have been what is called an accomplished young lady, and was held up to her less advanced companion as a model to be imitated as nearly as possible. Of the masters who were engaged in their education some amusing scenes are given, especially of the dancing-master, a M. Gogault, who came into the room "like a zephyr cutting an *entrechat*," and the writing-master, M. Lubin, who had a complicated piece of machinery for compelling the whole body to assume a graceful attitude during the calligraphic process. We are very much disposed to agree in part with the views which Madame Dudevant expresses with regard to this sort of education.

In effect, all these lessons were only money thrown away. They were too superficial to teach us anything really, and they had only one good result, which was to keep us occupied and to give us the habit of keeping ourselves employed. But it would have been better to have tested our faculties, and then have kept us afterwards to some speciality which we could have acquired. This way of teaching young ladies a little of everything is certainly better than teaching them nothing; it is still in fashion, and is called giving them the *agreeable accomplishments*—an agreeability, by the way, which the unfortunate neighbours who have been condemned to overhear whole days of singing and piano practice will be disposed to deny. But it seems to me that we are all fit for something, and that those who in childhood display an aptitude for everything end by being unfitted for everything; so that we should select and develop the predominant fitness. As for those young girls who have no special fitness, it is wrong to stupefy them with studies which they cannot understand, and which sometimes render them foolish and vain instead of simple and good, as they were originally.

This was the winter of 1811, and the Emperor was engaged in making vast preparations for the ill-starred Russian expedition. Madame Dudevant speaks of the confidence which reigned throughout France with respect to the result. No one doubted for a moment that Russia was about to be "crumpled up." Even those who hated Napoleon most were speculating upon what they should do with the mammoth empire when they had conquered it. The officers were even ignorant of the severity of the climate whose rigours they were about to brave.

They had so little notion of the climate that I remember an old lady, who wished to give all her furs to her nephew, a lieutenant of cavalry; and this motherly precaution was held to be quite laughable. Young and proud in his pinched and scanty pelisse, he drew his sabre, and said, that that was enough to keep a soldier warm in time of war. The good old lady told him that he was going into a country of eternal snow; but it was April then, and the air was warm. Young people, and the French especially, believe that there is no December for them, and this proud young man must have regretted more than once during the fatal retreat the furs of his good old aunt.

As all the world knows, Napoleon set out for Russia in May. The summer passed over, and by the end of autumn came the terrible news of the burning of Moscow and the French legions in full retreat. The consternation which pervaded France when these facts became known can only be compared to the shock of suddenly awaking from a pleasant dream to the knowledge of some imminent and terrible danger. For fifteen days after the first intelligence of disaster no news came of Napoleon and the army. "That a mass of 300,000 men, that Napoleon, the man who filled the universe with his name and Europe with his presence, should have disappeared like a traveller buried in the snow, whose corpse is never even heard of more, appeared to me most strange and incomprehensible." The nation was in truth at the very lowest point of despair, and no wonder; but when, about the end of December, it became known that Napoleon was once more in Paris, such was the confidence in the man, such the magic influence of his name, that immediately they took heart again, and "believed all to be saved, all repaired." But the army was irrevocably lost.

This was the turning-point of Napoleon's power. The year opened with the formidable coalition between Russia and Prussia, against the tottering giant who was so shaken by the terrible results of the Russian campaign. 'Tis true the giant was not to be conquered without a struggle. At first it seemed as if his old fortune had not deserted him. Lutzen, Bautzen, and Dresden, attested some vigour yet in his arm; but the tide was of short duration, and from the defeat of Leipsic to the supreme reverse of Waterloo, the career of Napoleon was an avalanche of misfortune. When Talleyrand heard of Leipsic, he said, "Tis the beginning of the end."

And the end was indeed nigh, for by next spring the Emperor was at Elba and the Allies in Paris. A letter, quoted by Madame Dudevant as having been written to her grandmother by one of her Parisian friends, gives a curious indication of the voice which the French themselves had in the restoration of the legitimate race:—

The Allies have entered Paris. They have done no harm, and there has been no pillage. It is said that the Emperor Alexander will give us for a King the brother of Louis XVI., him that has been living in England, but whose name I quite forget.

This letter was from a Legitimist; and Madame Dupin's answer is no less characteristic:—

It must be the one who was called *Monsieur*. He was a very bad man. As for the Comte d'Artois, he was a detestable scapegrace. Well, we have got our cousins on the throne at last; but we have no great reason to be proud of them.

This feeling of indifference, if not of contempt, does not appear to have lasted long. The French are a volatile people, and change from phase to phase of sentiment with wonderful rapidity. Napoleon was now "the tyrant and the Corsican," while the Emperor Alexander was "the great legislator, the philosopher of modern times, the new Frederick the Great." Little Aurore never saw him in person; but, after examining his portrait with great attention, is unwilling to admit that that "heavy head, soft face, false look, and stupid smile" could bear comparison with the noble features of her Emperor. Not many weeks afterwards Napoleon was again in Paris; but Madame Dudevant has passed over the details of that event, as also of all that succeeded up to the second restoration of the Bourbons, as if she held it to be rather dangerous ground. Under the circumstances, we cannot blame her reticence. One tribute, indeed, is paid to the soldiers of Napoleon, which is so noble, if true, that we cannot avoid the temptation of extracting it:—

The sight of the continual passage of that army through our valley was most imposing. The weather was bright and warm. Every road was covered with those noble phalanxes, which defied in good order, and in solemn silence. 'Twas the last time that we saw those splendid uniforms, so nobly carried, so worn by victory, as has since been aptly said—those bronzed faces, those soldiers so terrible in war, so gentle, so humane, and so well disciplined in peace. There was not a single act of plunder or brutality to reproach them with. I never saw among them a drunken man, although wine was cheap with us, and the peasant was prodigal towards the soldier. At all hours my mother and myself could walk abroad as usual, without the slightest danger of insult.

Not many armies have existed to whom this tribute could be justly paid.

Meanwhile, the education of Aurore was proceeding in the usual course. Madame Dupin, senior (a lady, as we know, of the old school), was anxious that her heiress should write well, and so set her upon writing themes and descriptions from nature. These were very much to the taste of the old lady, who could see no impropriety in making the moon plough the clouds seated in a silver boat; but when one of these "descriptions" was sent to Madame Dupin the younger, in proof of her daughter's progress, she returned for answer—"Your fine phrases have made me laugh heartily, I hope you don't talk like that." It seems, however, that the spirit of romance had already inspired her, for even then she amused herself with the composition of an endless mental fiction, in which all the personages with whom she met, whether in daily life or in her reading, were interwoven.

We pass over an account of her first communion, and come at once to that epoch in the life of every well bred Frenchman the entry into the convent. The institution chosen by Madame Dupin, senior, was a community of English Augustines, whose walls had given refuge to the

unfortunate Henrietta, wife of Charles I., and had also received Madame Dupin herself during the revolution, as has been already recorded. The Superior at that time was a certain Madame Canning, of whom we have rather a piquante description.

She was a very large woman, of between fifty and sixty years of age, still handsome, though her weighty proportions contrasted with a somewhat narrow mind. She boasted, with reason, that she was a woman of the world; her manners were lofty, her conversation easy, in spite of her imperfect accent, and there was more of irony and vanity in her eye than of devotion and holiness. . . . She has since died in the odour of sanctity; but I think that the veneration paid to her was principally due to her dress and to her magnificent air.

The following description of the interior economy of the convent is not without interest:—

The cells of the nuns were exquisitely neat, and filled with those knicknacks which an affected devotion patiently cuts out, frames, paints, and decorates with ribbons. In every corner the vine and the jasmine concealed the decay of the walls. Cocks sang at midnight as in the country. The bell rang with a silvery sound, like a feminine voice; in every passage a niche, prettily cut into the wall, contained a plump and affected Madonna of the seventeenth century; in the work-room, fine English engravings displayed the chivalrous head of Charles I. at every period of his life, and the heads of every member of the royal family. Even to a little lamp which flickered during the night in the cloister, and to heavy doors which every evening were closed at the entries of the corridors with a solemn sound and a mournful grating of bolts, everything had a certain charm of mystic poetry to which, sooner or later, I became very sensible.

In the holy keeping of this religious seminary we leave Madame Dudevant for the present.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Nov. 28.

The Exhibition is closing, but with less *éclat* than it merits; the riches, beauty, and quality of the various productions of art, skill, and industry of every kind, here brought together, doubtless exceed anything ever before collected under one roof. One general opinion seems to prevail in the difference between the contributions of France and those of England—namely, that the superiority of the former lay in articles of elegance, luxury, and taste—to which, *en passant*, they were too much confined; and those of England excelled above all in their practical utility: the first being only within the reach of the fortunate children of opulence, while the latter were articles of commodity required to supply the wants of all ranks. A writer on the subject, in one of the leading journals—after minutely pointing out this difference, and maintaining the superior value of English manufactures for society at large—exclaims, "Voilà l'histoire des deux nations!"—The best commentary that has ever been made upon the injurious restrictions which exist upon international trade is supplied by the cheap department of the Exhibition.

The literary feast I am expected to provide for the readers of the CRITIC is this week rather meagre, *fuite d'aliments*. The fact of it is that, as the *jour de l'an* approaches, people think of nothing but the presents they will have to make, and button up their pockets at the bare idea of buying a book. Publishers act accordingly, and reserve what treasures they may have in store until the new year, and its invariable accompaniment of *étrennes*, have gone by. Early in January we are promised the thirteenth volume of Thiers's History, and other literary *bonnes bouches*. Just now archaeological literature is all the vogue. Some unpublished fragments of Montaigne—among others, one giving his opinion on Cæsar and his Commentaries—have been printed by a bibliophilic physician; but only 100 copies have been printed, and to obtain one requires an amount of negotiation and bribery, which reminds one of an English election. However, I do not yet despair of being successful in my efforts to obtain one. An enterprising bookseller is publishing very nicely got up editions of the old poets, prose writers, historians, &c., who illustrated France in the middle ages. The collection, although not yet complete, is called "Le Trésor des Pièces Rares et Curieuses." A further notice of this interesting publication I reserve for a future day.

M. Nestor Roqueplan, the ex-director of the Grand Opéra, has published, under the taking title of *Les Couleuses de l'Opéra*, a little book which has had a large sale, its purchasers imagining that the fallen monarch would commit indiscretions by the bushel, and "reveal the secrets of the prison-house." *Amère déception*. Entertaining and even piquant anecdotes there are in the volume, but where ten were expected the ex-dictator scarcely gives us one. One of these, however, in particular, is by itself worth a volume. In substance it is as follows:—"Napoleon (the First) seldom went to the Grand Opéra, but one

of his visits to the Académie Impériale caused a *coup d'état*, which is yet remembered in operatic annals, and which created great sensation throughout Paris at the time. *Sa Majesté*, during the course of the performance, was observed to knit his brows and give other marks of dissatisfaction, and finally withdrew before the close of the representation. He had no sooner reached the Tuileries, than the director was summoned before him, and the Emperor sternly inquired how he ventured to treat the public with so much contempt as to venture to produce before them a set of *figurantes* whose figures, instead of attracting an audience, were calculated to put them to flight. The trembling director was then informed that such a state of things must change, and that, if in a week's time the stage was not filled with young and good-looking figurantes, the director would read his dismissal in next morning's *Moniteur*. The director, in a state of bewilderment more easy to imagine than describe, applied to the Minister of State; but sterile sympathy was all he could offer. The director was fairly non-plussed. He was even meditating suicide, when the thought struck him that he had better have the opinion of Fouché, Minister of Police. Having heard the exposition of his difficulty, the great Fouché exclaimed in his abrupt manner—*Aux grands maux les grands remèdes*; and, sitting down at his desk, he hastily penned a few lines, signed and stamped them with his seal of office. "There," he added, handing the paper to the bewildered director, "take this, which invests you with full powers from me. Now, your best plan is to proceed to certain establishments in the vicinity of the Palais Royal, which, as you are aware, are placed under my especial patronage. By virtue of this mandate the fair inmates will be produced for your inspection. Take all that you think can suit your purpose; and in eight days' time, no doubt, they can be drilled sufficiently to replace your superseded figurantes." This advice was followed; but the incident soon became known, and the first night *ces dames* made their appearance on the stage a regular scene took place in the house, many of their former clients, being among the audience, recognising them and calling out their names. The moral part of the public were of course greatly shocked, but in a little time soon became reconciled to the innovation, and the theatrical career of these ex-votaries of Venus Pandemos lasted until the Restoration, when M. Roqueplan assures us English *milords*, Russian Counts, and German Barons made great havoc in their ranks; and many of the frail fair ones, he asserts, accompanied their victors across the Channel and across the Rhine as their wedded wives—"*Ces étrangers sont si bizarres!*"

A French paper, in an article on the press, gives some interesting details touching one branch of the revenue of French newspapers—i. e. the advertisements. Before 1828 (says the writer) such a thing as an advertisement was unknown in a French paper, and for more than eight years afterwards they cannot be said to have derived any profit from them. Till then the high price of newspapers rendered them a luxury only within the reach of a limited number of purses; their subscribers, as a consequence, were but few; and the publicity which commerce and industry require in an advertising medium was necessarily circumscribed. At length a better state of things was established, about 1836, by what the writer calls the "invention" of papers at 40 francs per annum. The diminution in the price led to an increase in the number of subscribers, greater publicity was obtained, and as a consequence advertisements flourished. The development this extension of the advertising system gave to the press in Paris may be judged of from the returns of the number of stamps issued:—

In 1828 it was only	28,000,000
" 1836 it rose to	42,000,000
" 1843 " "	61,000,000
" 1844 " "	62,000,000
" 1845 " "	65,000,000
" 1846 " "	80,000,000

The writer adds some reflections on the course which journals ought to have pursued, which are, unfortunately, but too true.

The influence which journals had acquired imposed on their proprietors great sacrifices. They would have been acting a part worthy their high mission had they employed that influence in enlightening and moralising the multitude of new readers which they had had the good fortune to obtain. Addressing an audience unlimited in numbers, journalism might have become, as it were, one of the instruments, and the most active instrument perhaps, of public education, not for children but for adults. It might have been for the latter what the primary schools had been for the former. Unfortunately, it so happened that journalists did not recognise the obligations imposed upon it by increasing prosperity. Instead of leading, they followed, public opinion; instead of awakening a sound moral sense, they excited industrial covetousness; and themselves gave an example of mercantile greediness hitherto unknown. Not only did they abdicate their natural and legitimate authority, but they corrupted the public taste as much as they allowed themselves to be corrupted by their thirst for lucre, and the novelists of the *feuilleton* gave the example of the most scandalous intellectual stock-jobbing.

Your readers cannot but see how exactly some of these remarks apply to the course a portion of the London daily press is pursuing—especially that great organ of public opinion, whose popularity must, independent of the admirable talent of its writers, be ascribed to its pandering to the instincts of the mul-

titude, be they right or wrong, at the expense of truth and consistency—a course productive of commercial prosperity, but of most questionable morality. How beautifully has Euripides lashed this unprincipled conduct, which it would appear was as common in the *ágora* at Athens 2500 years ago, as in Printing-house-square at the present day:—

'Αχάριστον ἡμῶν στήρι' ὅσοι δημηγόρους
Ζηλοῦσι τιμὰς· μηδὲ γινώσκουσιν ἱμοὶ
Οἱ τοὺς φίλους βλάπτουσιν οὐ φροντίζοντες
Ἢν τοῖσι πολλοῖς πρὸς χάριν λίγητέ τι.

But to redeem the *Times* from the errors of its ways, even Euripides *y perdrait son "grec."*

On a former occasion I laid before your readers a few of the "curiosities of advertisement" to be met with in Paris; but the following gem is a sufficient apology for reverting to the subject. One of the large drapers' shops in Paris has a "card" extensively distributed over the capital; on one side, on a golden ground, is a representation of St. Augustine, in his episcopal robes; on the other side was printed the following inscription:—

SAINT AUGUSTINE

was born at Tagastum, a little town in Africa, on the 13th of November 354; he died at Hippo, the 28th of the month of August 430, while it was being besieged by the Vandals.

PRAYER.

Having placed ourselves under the protection of this GREAT SAINT, we take the liberty, ladies, of placing ourselves under yours, and offer up to you our most fervent prayers; continue assiduously to visit our warehouses; the taste which presides over our establishment is the result of your patronage; all our efforts tend to meet your approbation. May our wishes be vouchsafed. Amen.

This truly Parisian mode of comprehending the "intercession of saints," I have not seen with my own eyes, but find it in a clerical journal, which, as in duty bound, is very indignant at this unceremonious treatment of one of the Fathers of the Church. But no one who is acquainted with the state of *irreligion* in France will wonder

Avec quelle irrévérence
Parle des Dieux ce maraud.

Since I last had the honour of addressing you, the theatres here have been very busy—the principal event being the production, at the Français, of *La Joconde*, by Messrs. Regnier and Paul Foucher. The *affiche* calls this piece a comedy; but it has no more claim to that appellation than the *Morning Herald* has to wit, or Mr. Urquhart to eloquence. It is, in fact, a drama, and a drama of the most sombre hue, as you will see from the following outline of the plot:—*La Joconde* is a young girl—Mlle Louise de Clavières—who, some seven years before the raising of the curtain, has, by the death of her mother, and the absence of her brother, an officer in the navy, supposed to have perished at sea, is left alone in the world, without any protection against the fatal gifts of youth and beauty. She becomes the mistress of a petty German prince, with whom she travels over Europe, and in whose company she is constantly seen, her striking resemblance with Leonardo da Vinci's well-known picture obtaining for her the surname of "*La Joconde*." Necessity, however, has alone driven her to accept the life of splendid ignominy she is leading; and at Florence an *attaché* of the French embassy, M. de Guitré, inspires her with one of those irresistible passions upon which so many French dramas have been founded. She abandons her Teutonic patron, and leaves Florence with Guitré, then labouring under the smart of disappointed love. He contrasts the pure and lofty mind of *La Joconde* with, as he conceives, the mercenary conduct of his innamorata, who has, without one word of explanation, broken her promises to him, and wedded, for the sake of mere wealth, a rich old nobleman—M. de Fontenac—who represents France somewhere or other on the other side of the Atlantic, and whom she accompanies to his post. Partly from affection and esteem for the noble character of *Joconde*, partly from a feeling of spite against his former love, Guitré marries the courtesan; but, comprehending that, from the notoriety of his wife's former life, society is closed against her, he resolves to share her isolation, and withdraws with her to his modest chateau in Normandy, where, at the time the piece commences, he has been living with her in strict retirement, and as happy as a man of active habits can possibly be when condemned to absolute inaction. Louise urges him to resume his political duties; but he steadily resists all her entreaties, when the unexpected appearance of three personages suddenly brings about a great change. They are a M. Demoutier, an unscrupulous political intriguer, an old school-fellow of Guitré's, whom the minister has deputed to find out his whereabouts, and induce him to accept a diplomatic post, for which his special studies fit him in an eminent degree. At an inn, within a very short distance of Guitré's chateau, he meets with the brother of Louise, who is quite ignorant of his sister's degradation, and Mme. de Fontenac, Guitré's former flame, who, having become a widow, has returned to France, to bestow upon her first admirer her hand and fortune. Demoutier, by a series of coincidences such as authors generally resort to, discovers all this; but, to conciliate Mme. de Fontenac, whose connexions give her great influence, he acquaints her with his errand, and, carefully concealing the fact of his marriage, promises to

return to Paris with Guitré. He proceeds to the chateau, but Guitré staunchly refuses, until the arrival of his wife's brother, when he at length accepts. The rest of the piece it is difficult to analyse closely; it will suffice, however, to say, that, in hearing that Mme. de Fontenac has returned to Paris, prompted by jealousy, lest at her aspect her husband's former passion for her should return—Joconde hurries after him. After a terrible and most affecting scene with her husband, she is recognised as "*La Joconde*" by a former member of the Legation at Florence in the days of her shame; in his ignorance of all that has followed, he communicates his discovery, with full particulars of the life of "*La Joconde*," to her brother, and even points her out to him as she is entering the room. He is horrified at recognising his sister, and demands immediate satisfaction for the insult; but her husband takes up the quarrel, and a duel ensues, in which no serious injury is inflicted, and the indiscreet diplomat generously avows himself to be deceived by an extraordinary resemblance; at the same time, he has a letter conveyed to her, in which he informs her that, unless she obtains her brother's consent to her marriage, which was performed before a French Consul abroad, it is not strictly legal. A harrowing scene then takes place between the brother and sister. He comes in, overjoyed at his sister's reputation being cleared of the stain upon it, when she hands him the letter she has just received, and, dropping on her knees before him, owns that she has not been calumniated. His indignation, and her repentance, are most touchingly rendered; and few, indeed, among the audience were left unmoved on witnessing it. The piece ends unsatisfactorily—a reconciliation takes place between all the parties, and the past is to be buried in oblivion; but poor Louise is left with the indelible stain which is the source of all her unhappiness. The piece is most admirably acted. Mme. Plessy acted *Joconde* charmingly, and her beauty was pronounced, by many spectators, fully to account for Guitré's folly in destroying his career to unite her destiny to his own. Regnier, in the disagreeable part of Demoutier, was perfect; and M. Brossant as the brother, and Mlle. Fix as Mme. de Fontenac, and M. Geoffroy as the husband, are all entitled to commendation for the efficiency with which they sustained their respective characters.

At the Grand Opera, Verdi's last work, the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, continues its career, wearying everybody, but still drawing considerable houses. The *Travatore* of the same composer is more successful at the Italian Opera, where Mario has appeared in the same character with immense success—a success to be regretted by all lovers of music, as it must inevitably lead to the permanent injury of the only tenor voice of the first quality M. Verdi and his imitators of the *nouvelle école* had left us. Without at all joining in the absurd and senseless clamour raised by some of your contemporaries against the talents of Verdi, which none but mere pretenders to musical knowledge can deny, it must be admitted that vocalists accomplished in the refinement and delicacy of the old Italian school are thrown away in the execution of his work. It is like putting a racer to do duty for one of Barclay's dray-horses—all honour to the strength and other merits of the latter in their way nevertheless. *Chacun son genre!*

The musical world of Paris has been kept active lately by the organisation of monster concerts at the Exhibition Palace in the Champs Elysées. The executants consisted of twelve hundred and fifty performers, vocal and instrumental; excepting that which took place on Sunday last, when the Emperor and the King of Sardinia were present, and the number was increased to 4500. The conductors were the first musicians in France, and the most elaborate care was bestowed upon the rehearsals; but, notwithstanding the immense volume of sound, which always tells so powerfully in national airs and other popular compositions, the scheme turned out a failure. The ill-adaptation of the building for musical purposes rendered, in some of the more remote seats, the music strangely ineffective; and in others the echo was so surprisingly strong as to turn the best known airs into a perfect mass of confusion. Strange! that this drawback should have escaped the directors at the rehearsals; but so it was. The first concert was attended by a numerous auditory; but the remainder were scarcely patronised, with the exception of that on the occasion of the King of Sardinia's visit, when curiosity (and, perhaps, also the fact of the day being Sunday!) attracted a very large assemblage. The increase of executants on that day had the most unfortunate effect—it could only be compared to two gigantic orchestras playing against each other—the result being a charivari most indescribably discordant, with a strong dash of the grotesque.

GERMANY.

Pictures of Travel. Translated from the German of H. HEINE by CHARLES G. LELAND. Philadelphia: John Weik. London: Trübner and Co. (Second number.)

THE second number of this excellent translation of Heine's "*Reisebilder*" contains the concluding

fragment of the Hartz Journey, the wild and wonderful series of poems upon the North Sea, the sketch of the Island of Norderney, and a collection of fragments entitled "*Ideas, Book Le Grand.*" In translating the poems on the North Sea, Mr. Leland declares that he has not ventured to hope that he has succeeded in giving, in all respects, a perfect version of that extraordinary series, and craves the leniency of those who are familiar with the originals. We quote a picture of "*Night on the Sea-shore*," to prove how little this plea is needed:—

Starless and cold is the Night,
The wild sea foams;
And over the sea, flat on his face,
Lies the monstrous, terrible North-wind,
Sighing and sinking his voice as in secret,
Like an old grumbler, for once in good humour.

Unto the ocean he talks,
And he tells her wonderful stories—
Giant legends, murderous-humoured,
Very old sagas of Norway;
And midst them, far sounding, he howls while laughing
Sorcery songs from the Edda—
Grey old Runic sayings—
So darkly-stirring and magic-inspiring,
That the snow-white sea-children
High are springing and shouting,
Drunk with wanton joy.

In "*The Storm*," Heine's muse is in one of her wilder moods, and produces a sterner and more terrible picture:

Load rages the storm,
And he whips the waves,
And the waters, rage-foaming and leaping,
Tower on high, and with life there comes rolling
The snow-white water mountains,
And the vessel ascends them,
Earnest striving;
Then quickly it darts adown,
In jet-black, wide-opening wat'ry abysses.

Oh sea!
Mother of Beauty, born of the foam-billow!
Great mother of all love! be propitious!
There flutters, corpse foreboding,
Around us the spectre-like sea-gull,
And whets his sharp bill on the topmast,
And yearns with hunger lust for the life-blood
Of him who sounded the praise of thy daughter,
And whom thy grandson, the little rogue,
Chose for a plaything.
In vain my entreaties and tears!
My pleadings are lost in the terrible storm,
Mid war-cries of north-winds;
There's a roaring and whistling, a crackling and howling.

Like a madhouse of noises!
And amid them I hear distinctly
Sweet enticing harp-tones,
Melody mad with desire,
Spirit-melting and spirit-rending,
Well I remember the voices.

Far on the rocky coast of Scotland,
Where the old grey castle towers
Over the wild-breaking sea,
In a lofty arched window,
There stands a love-sick dame,
Clear as crystal, and marble pale,
And she plays the harp and sings;
Through her locks the wind is waving,
And bears her gloomy song
Over the broad, white, storm-rolling sea.

The sketch of the Island of Norderney and its pristine inhabitants of North-Sea fishermen and their families is full of graphic touches and bits of humorous and profound analysis. Though "poor as crows," the natives have the love of home which is almost an instinct of poverty.

Maritime life has for these men an indescribable attraction, and yet I believe that they are happiest when at home. Though they may have arrived in their ships at those southern lands, where the sun shines brighter, and the moon glows with more romance, still all the flowers there do not calm their hearts, and in the perfumed home of Spring they still long for their sand island, for their little huts, and for the blazing hearth, where their loved ones, well protected in woollen jackets, crouch drinking a tea which differs from sea-water only in name, and gabble a jargon of which the real marvel is that they can understand it themselves.

This contentedness with home is, according to Heine, attributable rather to custom than to any inner mystical sentiment of love.

The Romish Church in the Middle Ages seemed to have desired to bring about a similar condition in the corporate members of all Europe, and consequently took under its protection every attribute of life, every power and development—in short, the entire physical and moral man. It cannot be denied that much tranquil happiness was thereby effected, that life bloomed more warmly and *inly*, and that art calmly developed itself, unfolded that splendour at which we are even yet amazed, and which, with all our dashing science, we cannot imitate. But the soul hath its eternal rights, it will not be darkened by statutes, nor lulled by the music of bells—it broke from its prison, shattering the iron leading-strings by which Mother Church trained it along—it rushed in a delirium of joyous liberty over the whole earth, climbed the highest mountain-peaks, sang and shouted for wantonness, recalled ancient doubts, pored over

the wonders of the day, and counted the stars by night. We know not as yet the number of the stars, we have not yet solved the enigmas of the marvels of the day, the ancient doubts have grown mighty in our souls—are we happier than we were before? We know that this question, as far as the multitude are concerned, cannot be lightly assented to; but we know also that the happiness which we owe to a lie is no true happiness, and that we, in the few and far between moments of a god-like condition, experience a higher dignity of soul and more happiness than in the long, outward, vegetating life of the gloomy faith of a coal-burner.

Heine is an ardent admirer of the Great Napoleon, whose spirit, he says, "saw through that which we learn by weary analytical reflection and long deduction of consequences, and comprehended it in one and the same moment." Such was undoubtedly the leading feature in Napoleon's character; but it needs the imperfect moral perceptions which dim the intellectual lustre of Heine himself to appreciate as a merit that he was able to "cajole the spirit of the age into never abusing him, and being ever profitable to him."

We conclude with an extract expressive of Heine's opinion respecting the treatment of Napoleon by the English:—

The Emperor is dead. On a waste island in the Indian Sea lies his lonely grave, and he for whom the world was too narrow lies silently under a little hillock, where five weeping willows hang their green heads, and a gentle little brook, murmuring sorrowfully, ripples by. There is no inscription on his tomb; but Clio, with unerring pen, has written thereon invisible words, which will resound, like spirit-tones, through thousands of years. Britannia! the sea is thine. But the sea hath not water enough to wash away the shame with which the death of that Mighty One hath covered thee. Not thy windy Sir Hudson—no, thou thyself wert the Sicilian bravo with whom perjured kings bargained, that they might revenge on the man of the people that which the people had once inflicted on one of themselves. And he was thy guest and had seated himself by thy hearth. Until the latest times the boys of France will sing and tell of the terrible hospitality of the Bellerophon; and when those songs of mockery and tears resound across the Strait, there will be a blush on the cheek of every honourable Briton.

How much depends upon the point of view! We regarded Napoleon as a great criminal, an invader of social laws, a disturber of the world. Perhaps we were right; perhaps we were wrong. But, right or wrong, it would have been absurd if we had extended to him either hospitality or any other benefit from those laws which he (from our point of view) had spent his life in attempting to overthrow.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

(Continued from page 539.)

THE earlier years of the present century in Italy had able historians in Botta and Colletta, both distinguished by manly simplicity and vigour—the latter justly characterised, in a late article of the *Presse*, "the Tacitus to the Tiberius of Naples." Their successors have worthily sustained the reputation of historic literature here, though, as perfectly natural, the events they have had to record are commented on with the warmth of feeling coloured by personal experiences, rather than the calm reflection of the impartial historian. General Pepe, lately deceased, whose "Memoirs" I believe, are known in England, published here, in 1850, his last volume, "On the Revolutions and Wars of Italy in 1817-8-9"—full of military details, interspersed with vivid descriptions, particularly of the movements in Milan, Venice, and Rome; remarkable for the honest, soldier-like simplicity of the sturdy patriot, strongly imbued with republicanism, who cares not one iota for literary reputation or graces of style, but only desires to leave on record his testimony to his country's glory—his protest against her wrongs. Gualterio, who drew largely from the archives at Turin, thrown open to his use, for his work in four volumes, "Late Vicissitudes of Italy" (*Ultimi Rivolgimenti* &c.), published at Florence (in spite of its unfavourable testimony against Tuscan government), is the most entertaining among all these historians of cotemporary courts. Conversational and facile in style, there is a charm of reality, a truthfulness of delineation, in this work, enhanced by anecdote and personal details; and the revelations it contains, in the form of documents and facts from private reminiscence, sometimes affecting those in high places at this very day, are most curious, often most valuable. But, of these living historians of their own epoch, the one to whom, I should say, must be allowed the first place for philosophic largeness of views and vigorous condensation, is Farini, author of the "History of the Roman States," and formerly in the ministry of

Pius IX. No literary novelty in Turin has given me so much pleasure as that which, I was glad to find, was emanating, and is still in progress of accomplishment, from his pen—a "History of Italy from 1814 to the present time." The first volume, the only one yet published, has those qualities of vigorous conciseness, with slightly-sketched but vivid descriptions of events and characters, that must be owned as the merits of the author's previous work; but still more depth and largeness of views on the great historic subjects considered distinguish the present. The moral and political influences which have acted on the life and mind of Italian races since the opening of the century, are thus estimated by Farini:—

"Those philosophic doctrines which had already penetrated from France into Italy; the labours of economists and *jurisprudenti*, the Muses of Parini and Alfieri, had begun to awaken the desire for a reformation of Governments, and the disposition to speculate upon the modes most suitable for Government to adopt, when France, raised to revolution, descended upon Italy. The hopes awakened by the victories of Napoleon were deluded, but their traces and memories remained. Judicial institutions were ameliorated; not only were the last relics of feudalism extinguished, but the people were consoled by the attainment of civil equality; the privileges of the nobility and ecclesiastical class were abolished; public education was restored and enlarged, the military spirit re-awakened, industry revived. The blood shed so copiously in the Napoleonic wars by Italians restored, instead of weakening, their country, because it created the desire of shedding that blood for the acquisition of liberty. On this account I hesitate not to affirm that, for preparing the national destinies of Italy, the wars of Napoleon availed more than would have availed 50 years of peace and elegance, of Leopoldine caresses, and Josephine reforms."

The following is an abstract of a just and intelligent review on the progress of letters and arts in Italy during the period contemplated:—

"The peace from 1748 to 1789 had allowed intellectual cultivation to extend, the studies of jurisprudence and political economy to revive, with others now restored. Filangeri and Pagani at Naples, Beccaria and Verri at Milan, Tiraboschi, Denina, and Giannone continued, as historians, the work begun by Muratori. Comedy was restored by Goldoni; music by Paisiello and Cimarosa. But this was not sufficient to prepare for greater trials. Towards the close of the century appeared Parini, the poet of civil life, who, by castigating the vices of the aristocracy, deserved well of his country; also, Alfieri, who endeavoured to school minds to fortitude, letters to virility, Italy to independence. A stern censor of his country's faults was Baretti; but in criticism we neither obtained then, nor have since deserved, enduring praise; always more or less corrupted by silly eulogy or insolent cavilling, our criticism is neither solid, enlarged, or fruitful. In painting praise was rendered to Bossi, Appiani, and Landi, who were followed by Benvenuti and Camuccini, but these were neither great nor Italian—merely imitators of foreign masters. Illustrious in letters were Foscolo, Monti, Giordani, Pindemonte, and Gioja; but Monti was the most pusillanimous of men and time-serving of poets; Giordani, graceful and masculine, left no monument of extraordinary mental powers; Foscolo was the most liberal, vigorous, and national. Owing to the use of French, our language had become barbarised, but by these writers was restored to the native purity and elegance of which they gave examples; and Cesari laboured to bring it back to its first principles, though he overshot his mark."

The volume closes with a review, touched with graphic power and much political acumen, of the conditions of Italy and her ten existing governments at the close of 1817. There is talent for satire, as well as historic penetration, in the rapidly-drawn pictures of the petty Italian courts at this period—Lucca, with its corrupt oligarchy, under the Bourbonic Duchess, Maria Louisa, who began her reign at Parma, with the best intentions, but fell into unworthy courses after her affections had been seared by the refusal of the Austrian Emperor to allow her the society of her son—"shame (observes Farini generously) upon those who reduced her to such extremity—compassion to the woman." Modena, under Ferdinand IV.—"a germ of Hapsburg, ingrafted on the tree of petty Italian tyrannies, a Ghibelline at Vienna, the grand Austrian spy in Italy, a Guelph and lay-Jesuit at Rome—he might be called the Borgia of the nineteenth century, minus the vice of licentiousness; a Valentino minus the valour."

The second part of the "Memoirs on the Affairs of Italy," by Montanelli, ex-triumvir of the Tuscan Provisional Government in '49, has recently reached a second edition here, being prohibited in Florence. Written with much vivacity, though objectionable for vulgarity of tone in many parts, and that deficiency of moral sentiment too often apparent in the modern political writings of Italians—that disposition to make the love of country a substitute for religion and morality itself—this work is yet one of the most valuable contributions to the records of the epoch from 1815 to 1850.

The much agitated question of Church and State in Piedmont has been made the theme of two volumes by a writer still young—"The Church and State in Piedmont; an Exposition of the Relations between

the Holy See and the Court of Sardinia from 1000 to 1854," by the advocate P. C. Boggio—full of interesting information, drawn from archives and historians of past centuries, with many passages of eloquence, and general freedom and buoyancy of style. His theory—which, while much may be argued in its support, appears to me absolutely impracticable in a country of ancient institutions, except at the cost of uprooting revolution—is thus stated:

"The inevitable consequence of the toleration sanctioned by the Piedmontese constitution, and speedily enlarged by the opinion of all the enlightened portion of society, is an absolute separation of Church and State. If the sanctuary of individual conscience ought to be sacred and inviolable—if religious opinions ought to be impersecutable—if the quality of worship ought to be without effect on the exercise of civil and political rights—logical necessity requires that the laic authority and religious authority should be independent of each other. That separation should import—for the Church, liberty of instruction, of election, possession, and administration; for the State, civil regulation of matrimony, exonerated from expenses of worship, independence from all ecclesiastical interference."

The wealth of the Piedmontese Church is here stated at 15 million francs; that of the country, in native produce (as grains, fruits, wine, pastures), 461,177,162, to which must be added about 7 millions for the produce of mines and quarries. I find, however, in the report of the Committee on the Project of Law for the Suppression of Monastic Bodies, the total 13,189,406 francs given as the revenues of this Church, out of which nearly 2 millions pertain to the island of Sardinia, and 2,282,851 to religious communities. The picture drawn by Boggio of the mediæval ecclesiastical system, its power and grandeur, in these states, is curious. Signally displayed towards the Princes of Savoy was the favour of the Holy See in olden times, and hence an extraordinary development of sacerdotal privileges, monastic institutions, and exceptional jurisdiction in these states.

Before the limitations to these jurisdictions by concordats (of which not less than twenty-one have been ratified, in little more than a century, between Sardinia and Rome), each Bishop had his judicial court, with ushers, servitors, &c., prisons, jailors, powers of arrest and punishment. The rights of asylum had become so exaggerated, that extensive territories declared ecclesiastical feuds were absolutely inviolable; thus affording shelter for miles around populous cities, where malefactors could remain secure against the arm of the law! "Who will be surprised (this author asks) that the severity of monastic and liturgical discipline should be tempered in sign of deference and confidence towards our princes, when it be remembered that Eugene of Savoy who was to make such noise in the world as an illustrious captain and most valiant warrior, found himself in 1688 the improvised guardian of a convent of nuns?" With the title "Sardinia and Rome," has been brought out a translation from a late article in the *Quarterly*, I believe by Gladstone, certainly displaying a powerful grasp of the subject, and here, in its Italian garb, fully appreciated.

On an idea borrowed from the French, a series of miniature volumes was commenced here last May, *Silhouettes contemporaines*, or sketches of public characters. It is curious to observe how soon literature has accustomed itself to the paths of constitutional liberty in Turin: the members of the cabinet, held up to public inspection and anatomised in these sketches, are treated with fearless familiarity, shrinking from no personal details, but never descending to scurrility. Cavour is the first subject; portrayed as a statesman of brilliant powers, versatility, and much *finesse*; not as really great, or endowed with genius. Twice visiting England, he seems to have returned thence, in the first instance, converted from democratic to constitutional liberalism; though himself noble and of high expectations from youth, his sympathies were always anti-aristocratic, his temper independent, frank, and unassuming. The writer of these "Silhouettes" (Paul Collet) tells us that the Prime Minister has an edition of his politico-economical works in preparation, in French (a language quite as familiar to Count Cavour as the Italian), to contain, in the first part, "Communist Ideas, and the Means of opposing their Development;" "Considerations on the present state of Ireland, and its Future;" "Railways in Italy." C.J.H.

RATIONALE OF REPORTING.—As a general rule, speeches, like balsams and cock's combs, will bear a good deal of squeezing, and be all the better for it—a good deal of mangling, and read all the smoother. "Speeches," once said Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, "cannot be made long enough for the speakers, nor short enough for the readers."

JESUITISM.—Where you meet a man believing in the salutary nature of falsehood, or the divine authority of things doubtful, and fancying that to serve the good cause he must call the devil to his aid, there is a follower of unsaint Ignatius. The word "Jesuitism" now, in all countries, expresses an idea for which there was in nature no prototype before. Not till these late centuries had the human soul generated that abomination or needed to name it.—Thomas Carlyle.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

A PAPER was read at the last meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, "On the Construction of Buoys, Beacons, and other stationary floating bodies," by Mr. Herbert. The floating sea-marks as ordinarily constructed laboured under these several defects—of riding uneasily on the waves, of being frequently submerged, and also of being carried away from the mooring chain being broken, not an uncommon occurrence in heavy weather. To obviate these defects a wrought iron pear-shaped buoy was proposed, of a circular form in plan, the centre of gravity being placed a little below the water floating line; the bottom was made concave, being indented internally in the form of a cone, to the apex of which the mooring-chain was attached. An experiment made with one, 9 feet in height, 6 feet 6 inches in diameter, and submerged to the extent of 2 feet, presented under all circumstances of wind and tide an upright body 7 feet out of the water; the power of retaining a vertical position arose from the tide or wave acting simultaneously, and with almost equal force, on the exterior of the buoy and the interior of the cone. An experiment on a larger scale, tried on the South Sand head of the Goodwin Sands, was also successful. It is now proposed to have floating lighthouses upon this principle of construction. The security of such light towers would of course depend upon the moorings. Now, from observations made at Bishop's Rock, the most westerly of the Scilly group, it was ascertained that of waves measured from the low to the unbroken crest those which had a height of 8 feet were in number thirty-five in one mile, and eight per minute; of 15 feet, five or six in a mile, and five per minute; of 20 feet, three in one mile, and four per minute; and it was calculated that, with moorings sufficiently strong, neither the pressure of the wind nor the action of the waves would cause any inconvenience upon any sea light-tower on this construction. The present light-houses could be placed only to act as warning points to mariners, whereas these sea light-towers might be advantageously employed as "guiding" or "fair way" lights. Of course these beacons could be placed in almost any and every position, and would thus "form a new era in the system of lighting, at once double the safety of navigation, and be the means of saving many valuable lives." There was also this very important consideration, as contrasted with light-houses, that the expense was very materially less, and the time required for construction and mooring would be very much lessened. For instance, the light-house on the Skerry-vore Rock occupied seven years in building, and cost upwards of 90,000*l.*; whereas, by means of the sea light-tower, the same object might be accomplished, in one year, at a cost of 30,000*l.* These new forms would also possess the advantage of being accessible in all weathers. If this principle of construction proves to be correct, it would be evidently applicable for floating forts, and to almost every other description of stationary floating body.

The many fatal accidents arising from the disturbing causes that affect the compass needle in all vessels, but more especially in those constructed of iron, have caused the attention of scientific men to be turned to this subject, particularly as the corrections proposed have only proved in themselves as great causes of error as the original disturbing causes. In a pamphlet just brought out by Mr. Thomas Allan, civil engineer, after pointing out the worthlessness of these correcting tables, pithily observing that "the table of errors to which the navigator has to look to, to help him out of his difficulties, is a nomenclature the truthfulness of which few will dare to dispute," propounds three plans of adjustment, simple and practical, and which are applicable under all circumstances. The first plan may be thus stated: as a less magnetic influence acting near the compass needle is equal in effect to a greater at a greater distance, an ascertained induced magnetic influence, placed in the horizontal plane of the compass-needle, is made use of as a counterpoise equivalent to the magnetism of the ship's iron. Take the ascertained line of the ship's magnetism—say N.E.—describe a circle around the compass, and place the counterpoise in a line N.W. on that circle. This counterpoise, of a bundle of soft iron rods, must be made equal to the magnetism of the ship's iron, when the needle, bisecting the angle formed by the line of the keel N.E. and the radial line of the counterpoise N.W., will point to the correct magnetic north—this counterpoise of soft iron always varying by induction with the magnetism of the ship's iron. Again, instead of placing this counterpoise at an angle to the ascertained line of the ship's magnetism—the second plan is to place it in a line in continuation of the line of the keel, so that "the repulsion on the south pole of the needle from the west will counterbalance the attraction of the north pole of the needle from the east," and thus hold the needle in *equilibrium*. From these proposi-

tions it will be seen that the principle propounded is, "that of two opposite and unequal forces counterbalancing each other by their co-equivalent leverages." The cause of deviation is from one of the induced magnetic polarities of the ship's iron being nearer to the compass needle than the other; that is, the bulwarks and rigging are nearer the plane of the needle than the mass of the hull. The result of these two forces acts upon a focal point, which is somewhere forward from the shape of the ship; if this point never varied, it would be possible to pivot the needle in a position of no deviation. Now, reasoning inductively from this hypothesis, a third proposition arises: that if two needles are placed one on either side of this focal point, it will act upon both reversely, but upon one stronger than on the other. If a mean of this difference of force be taken, it will always be possible thus to ascertain the correct magnetic north. We earnestly recommend these propositions to the consideration of the Board of Admiralty, if such a board indeed can ever be brought to consider any propositions in proportion to their practical utility, and not as matters of personal interest or indolence.

At the Statistical Society, Mr. Leone Levy produced a *résumé* of the International Congress at Paris. The Congress was divided into four sections. The first to consider the formation of a nosological table of deaths and the statistics of insanity, epidemics, and accidents. The second, agricultural statistics, ways of communication, and foreign commerce. The third, the statistics of civil justice, of crimes and punishments, and of penitentiary establishments. The fourth, the statistics of provident institutions and large cities. The Congress, after recommending the collection of agricultural statistics, the necessity of correct maps, and the general assimilation of money, weights, and measures, indicated the following subjects as deserving investigation at their next meeting: "The financial affairs of various countries, the state of public instruction, and the statistics of articles of food."

It is generally known that more rain falls on the western side of England than on the eastern. This is caused by the higher temperature of the ocean loading the air with vapour, which is swept over the land by the prevailing south-west winds. Some observations made over the six western counties by Mr. N. Whitley give the following results:—In the first ten months of this year 21½ inches fell at Newquay, 27½ at Truro, and 34½ at Bocomoc. The quantity of rain at the Scilly Islands is less than on the main land, and its distribution more equal. Lands of the same altitude have a very equal amount of rain; thus, at Penzance, Falmouth, and Truro, the average fall is 44 inches annually. During last October, which was a wet month, 4 inches fell at Newquay on the coast, 6 inches at Bocomoc, and, at Liskeard, 400 feet above the sea, 8 inches. In another direction on the shore, at Brentmarsh, 5 inches, at Windmore 6 inches, at Douling, 500 feet high, 10 inches, while on Salisbury plain it was only 6 inches. On the low lands of the coast, near Appledore, 7 inches fell; at Westlandground, 930 feet above the sea, 13 inches; whilst in the Vale of Taunton it was reduced to 6½ inches. In fact, the form, position, and height of the hills governs the deposition. By a comparison, however, of the gauges at Exmoor and Dartmoor, more rain falls at Exmoor, at an elevation of 900 feet, than on Dartmoor, at an elevation of 1400 feet—arising, probably, from Exmoor being more exposed to the vapours of the Atlantic.

In connection with the subject of the overland journey from India, some important observations have lately been made on the routes between Bombay and Aden during the south-west monsoon. No. 1, the old route, on leaving Bombay, takes a southerly direction to latitude 5° north, then a direct course west to the Coast of Africa, and from thence northerly round Cape Guardafui. No. 2 takes a southerly direction close on the wind to about 10° north, and thence westerly, laying up, however, for the east end of the Island of Socotra, and from thence direct to Aden, along the centre of the Arabian Gulf. No. 3 leaves Bombay and takes a westerly course to the Arabian coast, fetching to the northward of Mageira Island, along the coast then for about 500 miles to Cape Fartack and to Aden. Of these No. 1 is the longest, and not free from danger on account of the haze that always envelopes Cape Guardafui. No. 2 is the cheapest, from less wear and tear, and is quite free from danger; and the passage ought in a powerful steamer to be made in 11½ to 12 days. No. 3 is the shortest, but the most dangerous from the difficulties and intricacies of the coasting passage, and, moreover, the monsoon blows home to the Arabian coast.

In a return lately made by the Board of Trade, and taking Prussia as a favourable representation of the Continent, some useful statistical contrasts may be made between the population of that country and England. Between 1816 and the present time the population has increased at nearly an equal rate be-

tween the two countries. But in Prussia the increase in the population of towns of more than 15,000 inhabitants between 1816 and 1849 was about 77 per cent., while in England and Wales the increase in the population of towns of 20,000 inhabitants between 1811 and 1851 was 160 per cent., and at present our town is about 40 per cent. of the whole population. Taking the average of all the Prussian dominions, the population is 11.12 to an English square mile, while in England it is 30.7. It may now be considered certain that town increases everywhere faster than the rural population, and in England more than in any other country; if this increase of town population is a test of civilisation, then is England the chief example of progress. In Prussia the number of teachers of all kinds was, in 1849, 36,589. In England, in 1851, it was 94,878. In Prussia, the total number of schools in 1849 was 25,207, in England 46,042; but the number of scholars in Prussia is 2,605,449, while in England, exclusive of Sunday-schools, it is only 2,144,378—evidently proving that our system is more costly, if it is even as efficient as that of Prussia.

The war presents us with a new breech-loading musket and carbine, which at from 300 to 500 yards will batter a bull's-eye to pieces, and at 800 yards made most excellent target practice; the bullet, powder, and wad are all connected together, the wad being greased to clean the barrel. The *Pays* states that Professor Jacobi, the projector of the submarine infernal machine, has discovered the means of throwing a congreve rocket to an enormous distance; while a modern engineer, who dates from Essex-street, Strand, asserts that he possesses the means of throwing a congreve rocket more than ten miles, and calls the serious attention of the Government to the long range. An experiment with a steel gun, a 68-pounder, constructed by Messrs. Krupp, from Essexen in Prussia, has turned out a failure. The proof charge of powder was 25lbs., and the conical projectile, 2 feet long, weighed 2 cwt. 1 qr. 7lb. At the first discharge the gun burst; the value of it was estimated at 1500*l.*

At the Institute of Actuaries, on Monday, Nov. 26, Robert Tucker, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair, a paper *On the Valuation of Property held for Life and in Reversion, and on the due Apportionment of it, when so held on the same Life, between the Tenant for Life and the Remainder Man*, was read by C. Jellicoe, Esq.—The writer began by stating that the diversity of opinion and practice on the questions he was about to submit to the meeting rendered it desirable that they should be discussed, and that a clearer understanding should be come to as to the principles upon which they should be solved. After showing in what way such diversity arose, and exhibiting the results of it, he proceeded to show that there were three cases, which presented themselves, as connected with these questions; the first being that in which the tenant in possession and the reversioner were mutually desirous of realising the estate; the second, that in which the reversioner alone sought to do so; and the third, that in which the reverse occurred, and compensation had to be made to the reversioner for the surrender of his interest to the tenant. It was argued that the interests of the two, when separately considered, were properly represented by the simple formulae $\frac{1}{d+p} - 1$ and $1 - d(1+A)$, and that in the

first case the sum arising from the realisation of the estate, should be divided in the proportions which the amounts obtained by these expressions indicated. The writer entered into the reasons, which justified such a division, and proceeded to examine the other cases, giving expressions for their determination and the reasoning upon which they were founded. He compared the results obtained by these methods with those arrived at in general practice, and concluded by urging the adoption of greater uniformity in future in such matters. After some discussion of the subject, in which Mr. Hardy, Mr. J. Lodge, Mr. Hodge, Mr. Bailey, and the chairman took part, Mr. Hardy suggesting that assurance companies should grant policies for fixed amounts of consols, the meeting separated.

SMOKE CHIMNEYS.—Of all the troubles that belong, as it were, to the inhabitants of these islands by prescriptive right, there is not one more annoying, more vexatious, or that affects more the equanimity of the domestic temper, particularly of servants, than a smoky chimney. Curiously-constructed grates and ventilating holes are a proof of the prevalence of the disorder and the anxiety for its removal; and the varied and uncouth shapes of cowls that are to be seen on the tops of houses attest the ingenuity that has been exerted to overcome this growing evil externally. Unfortunately, until lately no remedy has been devised that could be considered a specific. A simple contrivance has, however, at length been discovered, which seems to promise a complete solution of the difficulty. A revolving fan is placed vertically in the opening of a small

compact moving cowl, fixed on the chimney top. The gentlest current of air sets this fan in motion, creating an upward draught in the chimney, preventing the return of smoke, gaseous vapours, &c., into the apartment, and also the falling of soot and rain, and thus acts effectually as a smoke preventer. The invention is due to Mr. Nibbs, of Bakewell, Derbyshire, who has received numerous testimonials of its efficacy. The sole agents for London are Messrs. Botten and Son, Crawford Passage, Clerkenwell. Mr. Nibbs, we may here mention, has added several improvements to his already perfect Oxycyte lamps, by which brilliance is added to the light, and a good holdfast is secured for the glass.

FRENCH LAMPS.—A useful little invention, from Lancaster, is Fenton's "Smoke Consumer and Flame Guard," for use in Moderator lamps. It diverts the excessive heat which so often cracks the chimney of the lamp, promotes combustion and therefore prevents smoking, and renders the flame more pure and brilliant.

MESMERISM APPLIED TO THE CURE OF INSANITY.—Mr. Parker, surgeon, of Exeter, having relieved some and cured other cases of insanity in that city and neighbourhood, a proposition was made to the Corporation of the Poor that it might be tried in the cases of insane paupers. A committee was appointed to investigate the facts, and they reported in favour of trial being made of it. This, after some discussion, was agreed to at a meeting of the corporation, and a sum of 10*l*. was voted towards the expenses. The results will be watched with great interest. This, we believe, the first attempt in this country to apply Mesmerism to curative purposes in a public institution.

MEETINGS OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

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| December | 1. Royal Asiatic Society. 2 p.m. |
| " | 2. Chemical. 8 p.m. |
| " | 3. Entomological. 8 p.m. |
| " | 4. British Architects. 8 p.m.—Adjourned discussion "On a Diploma in Architecture." |
| " | 5. Linnean. 8 p.m. |
| " | 6. Civil Engineers. 8 p.m.—Mr. Evan Hopkins "On the Gold-bearing Rocks of the World." |
| " | 7. Pathological. 8 p.m. |
| " | 8. Society of Arts. 8 p.m.—Mr. G. N. Hooper "On the Construction of Carriages in England and on the Carriage Department of the Paris Exhibition." |
| " | 9. Geological. 8 p.m.—1. "On the Tilstones, or Downton Sandstones, in the neighbourhood of Kingston, and their fossil contents." By R. W. Banks, Esq. 2. "On the last Elevation of the Alps, with Notices of the Heights at which the Sea has left traces of its action on their sides." By D. Sharpe, Esq. F.G.S. |
| " | 10. Pharmaceutical. 8 p.m. |
| " | 11. Royal Society. 8½ p.m. |
| " | 12. Photographic. 8 p.m. |
| " | 13. Antiquaries. 8 p.m. |
| " | 14. Philological. 7 p.m. |
| " | 15. Medical. 8 p.m. |
| " | 16. Royal Botanic. 8 p.m. |
| " | 17. Geographical. 8 p.m. |
| " | 18. Medical and Chirurgical. 8½ p.m. |
| " | 19. Syro-Egyptian. 7½ p.m. |
| " | 20. Civil Engineers. 8 p.m. |
| " | 21. Zoological. 9 p.m. |
| " | 22. Society of Arts.—Mr. J. Bailey Denton, "On the Progress and the Results of the Under Drainage of Land in Great Britain." |
| " | 23. Graphic. 8 p.m. |
| " | 24. Literary Fund. 3 p.m. |
| " | 25. Ethnological. 8½ p.m. |
| " | 26. Royal Society of Literature. 4½ p.m. |
| " | 27. Royal. 8½ p.m. |
| " | 28. Antiquaries. 8 p.m. |
| " | 29. Astronomical. 8 p.m. |

ARCHITECTURE.

REPORT ON ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

MR. TITE, in his address to the Royal Institute of British Architects, on the 5th of November last, has at last spoken out on several important topics which have been again and again, and long, long ago, energetically urged by writers in less immediately influential positions; and we begin to fear that, in connection with *Art* at least, the anonymous mode of addressing the profession and the public, through the medium of the periodical press, will never have the effect that is produced by the appeal *in propria persona*, or by books bearing the name of the authors. The mere zeal, which simply desires the advancement of truth, or of the dogmas which the writer believes to be true, if accompanied by the modesty which declines personal declaration, will not so readily operate, as when the *ego*, "I myself," appears in the Ruskin fashion, to stand the hazard of the die for approval or condemnation. Even the potent "we" of the *Times* newspaper or *Edinburgh Review* has ephemeral impress on all save political opinion; and the five years' labours of the architectural writer in the *Curric* will not have such an effect, though they have ever been addressed to the same points, as the simple *ipse dixit* of Mr. Tite, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, with other distinctions, including those of M.P.

Mr. Tite has declared for the advisability of a diploma "or some such recognition of the attainments" of the architectural aspirant; acknowledging

Mr. Bailey's reasoning, that, if architects are "exposed to competition, that competition could only be met by showing that architects possessed superior attainments to those with whom they had to compete for public favour." We quote the *Builder's* report, Vol. XIII., p. 549.

Mr. Tite alluded to the few who were in the profession some thirty years ago; to the few architectural books then extant; to the establishment of the architectural societies; and to the influence of those societies "on the profession." But, in touching upon their "influence upon society," he was obliged to make the most of what has been illustrated by "two recent instances," viz., the preservation of the open space south-east of St. Paul's Cathedral, and an amended condition of the Building Act—a very small beginning of the much that is required, in what it has been our constant aim to advocate—the enlightenment of public discrimination and taste.

He next paid a well-merited tribute to the London architects, in comparison with those of Paris; and thought that the former, "in common phrase, had well held their own;" he also confirmed our repeated preference for the Gothic architecture of England. But especially grateful to our feelings was his expressed opinion "that Gothic architecture was too fashionable in England" ("Aye, fashion you may call it," as old Polonius says). He moreover condemned the Gothic types of Venice as "in his opinion the 'most ugly' of all; justifying a judgment the writer of this article passed upon it long ago in a review on 'The Stones of Venice.'"

Nor was he less coincident with us in the candid honesty with which he paid just tribute to the merits of the British Museum, and especially of the Palace at Westminster, which we would again pronounce as a supereminent instance of medieval adaptation. "In the latter," said Mr. Tite, "all that the most refined taste and anxious industry could effect had been accomplished. Those who chose the style had to answer for that choice; but the work had been carried out with taste and judgment, and Sir Charles Barry had entered most thoroughly into the feeling and spirit of the architecture of our Gothic ancestors." He regretted that classic architecture "appeared to be almost forgotten by English students," though his eulogistic reference to St. George's Hall, at Liverpool, was not quite a proof to the fact; and he might have gone further, and acknowledged that Sir Charles Barry, who has proved himself incontestably the first of Gothic architects, has at the same time preserved to his country—or at least to the refined and intelligent portion of it—the claims of classic Greece and the pictorial of palatial Italy. He regarded the present position of architects as that of a "transition state;" and he made a good common-sense hit in calling upon his auditors to "bear in mind that in England men would be always estimated by their practical ability." This is most true; but not truer is it, that, on the very strength of this national characteristic, the "practical" will be better answered (saving only in regard to the Church and its immediate alliances) by the cultivation of Græco-Italian design. Mr. Tite further said:—"With regard to the future prospects of architecture, the great object to be hoped for was a test, by examination of the ability of its professors; and he hoped the time would come when the Government would employ architects and engineers because they were recognised by their professional brethren, and when an architect would be honoured because he had passed an examination before the Institute of British architects." All this has been said before; but we trust, now that it comes *ex cathedra*, it will have its weightiest influence.

The illustrations afforded by our friend the *Builder*, since our last article, are not remarkably supportive of the perfection of our Gothic progress. The *Church of All Saints, Kensington Park*, may be very choice in detail, but the view given of it in the number for Oct. 13 is, to say the least of it, of doubtful fascination. The sudden turn of the clerestory windows from the nave to the transept, without any plain surface of angular pier, the ascent of the tower buttresses against the diagonal faces of the octagon supporting the spire, and the extraordinary buttresses which are intended (like shores placed to remedy danger) to be placed against the western front of the tower, are to our minds most objectionable. The idea suggested by the latter is that of some discovered failure, or some apprehended earthquake. The clerestory window, as shown in detail, is pretty enough, and the internal aspect of the church may be strikingly effective; but why is the suggested cusp, shown in the centre light, not repeated in the lights on either hand?

The Parisian *Sainte Chapelle*, of which there is an external view in the number for Oct. 27, is one among a thousand instances of the inability of the Continental Gothic architects to get rid of their feeling for the horizontal in conflict with the pointed. The level parapet over the rose window, and the horizontal balustrade over the porch, are errors we can scarcely find in England; and we cannot but remark on the ties which have proved disfiguringly necessary to connect the slight pinnacles supporting the flying buttresses of the spire with the piers of the substructure. The interior (illustrated in the number for Nov. 10th) is doubtless beautiful; but here again is an instance of the poverty of the foreign Gothic

vaultings in comparison with our own, where richness is otherwise the complexion of the interior.

The interior of the late Mr. Carpenter's *Church of St. Magdalen, Munster-square, Regent's-park*, exhibits a beautiful chancel-window, and other refined Gothic details, connected with the common barn-like roof of an ordinary country parish church. The arch, opening from the chancel into the continued aisle, is destructive of simplicity and of the division which is sought between the chancel and the nave. Of course there are reasons (we see them), but not sufficient ones, for letting the chancel thus encroach upon the main body of the church. Much better would it have been to add another arch to the nave, leaving the chancel to include no more than its sedilia and communion features. The backing pier-work, necessary to resist the thrust of the chancel-arch, must be most unsightly.

The *Canonbury Congregational Chapel, Islington*, is honourable to the adaptive ingenuity and picturesque taste of Messrs. Habershon. The smallness of the engraving does not allow of comment on its details, though they appear to be good; but the plan shows admirable regard for the purpose, and the clustering of the exterior is highly picturesque. It is in the Gothic of the Dissenters, that we have a right to look for the best adaptation of old features to a modern body strictly adapted to its present use. They have no "diocesan boards" to control them; nor anything to limit invention, save a stern regard for precedent, so far as it may be consistent with their requirements without violence to its essential principles.

The *French Congregational Church at St. Helier's* is illustrated, both externally and internally, in the *Builder* for Nov. 17; and therefore we may speak of its internal merits—no opportunity being given for such comment in the last mentioned building. The management of a true Gothic timber roof over a polygonal plan will always, we fear, illustrate at best a compromise between well-managed and unmanageable. We can more easily tell Messrs. Poulton and Woodman (the architects of the St. Helier Church) what is defective in their roof than what would remedy the defect. The beam and struts across their lantern may be constructively necessary (or could only be avoided by concealed, and therefore unfair means); but the effect must be displeasing. The exterior is pretty, though there is a somewhat unusual mingling of "periods;" and we suspect there is something out of drawing in the view.

It is interesting to turn to external and internal views of the *Temporary Church of St. Paul, at Kensington*, given in the *Builder* for October 27. Are Messrs. Hemming and Co. the designers of, as well as the contractors for, this iron church? We do not see that the design is materially affected by its material; for it is, after all, of the general character shown in the great basilical church of St. Paul, on the *Ostian way at Rome*. Here then is a curious instance of a Protestant Church, erected with no other purpose in view, but that of an auditorium for Protestant listeners in the most available form at the least possible cost; and it becomes a question, when the permanent church shall be erected in its place, whether an habitual regard for the suitable form of the lieutenant building will not greatly operate in respect to the design for the enduring fabric which is to supplant it? We are inclined to suspect the venerable Archdeacon Sinclair has started a provisional experiment rather dangerous to ecclesiastical orthodoxy as it is now existing. If it win not a homage in favour of the early Christian Basilica of Constantian Italy, it may yet induce a desire to preserve the general form in Gothic guise; but there are difficulties in this which make us dread the recurrence of that species of Gothic yelped the "Carpenter's." But for the Gothic love, which we hold in common with the world, in reference to churches, we should be prompt to say—Now, here, in this model, honestly subservient to necessity, is the germ of the true thing. Capacious, light, open, and at least suggestively elegant, here is a structure, internally and externally promissory of a noble edifice. Even as it is, it is not unworthy of eulogistic criticism. We could wish for a couple of handsome brackets to support the continued piece of roof which houses the bell; and we would improve the roof trusses internally by making the struts join the principals immediately under the upper purlins, as well as by relieving the lower purlins by curved struts springing from above the drops of the brackets; but otherwise there is a simple beauty and propriety about the whole design which enforced candour must allow. Verily, there is a lever inserted in the crevice of conventionalism which threatens the subversion of—we dare pursue the subject no further.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

NEW BOOKS.

IS CONSUMPTION CURABLE?

On the Nature, Treatment and Prevention of Pulmonary Consumption, with a Demonstration of the Cause of the Disease. By HENRY MCCORMACK, M.D. (London: Longman. 1855).—If (as a sort of proverb

current among medical men will have it) the discovery of the cause of a disease be more than half its cure—then Dr. Henry McCormack, of Belfast, has answered the above interrogation affirmatively; for he “lays claim to have demonstrated, for the first time, the cause of consumption.”

There are two propositions immediately derivative from such an assertion. First, has the author, in reality, *demonstrated* the true cause of consumption? and, secondly, is he really the first pathologist who has imagined he had done so, on the same ground? We look to his pages for the replies, and we find a negative to both queries. We mean, that the cause he assigns, to explain the origin of a disease which, as Lugol states, affects one-fifth of the human race, is not the *true* cause; and that, if the author is persuaded to the contrary, he has been anticipated in the notions which lead him to such a persuasion, by more than one writer on the subject.

Dr. McCormack has the merit, however, over most such writers, of not having encumbered his professional brethren with a *μυρια βιβλίων*; and consequently his volume is not obnoxious to the other half of the Hellenic saw. Hundreds of bulky volumes have been given to the public since the times of Hippocrates or the Arab doctors on the subject of *consumption*; and the question of the true, absolute, and only cause of that disastrous affection has remained unresolved. Dr. McCormack addresses a modest brochure of one hundred and eleven pages to the profession on that capital subject, and thinks he has demonstrated, within those narrow limits, what had hitherto been a puzzle and a mystery. How far his readers will agree with him, time will show. He seems a conscientious man, and one in earnest. He has read much, both among the ancients and the moderns of all nations, from whose writings he quotes incessantly, and in every language, without giving himself the trouble of translating his texts for the benefit of those who are not such good linguists. A new feature, indeed, in the way of composition, is remarkable throughout these pages, as connected with all such quotations. Dr. McCormack gives them as part of his matter without the trouble of separating them from his own current text or referring his readers to foot-notes—a practice, at all events, both convenient and new.

What then does Dr. McCormack tell us is the real cause of consumption? Tubercles, as most authors contend in our days? No! but “the tubercular temperament.”

“In no instance, and under no circumstances whatever, will tubercles be deposited in the absence of the tubercular temperament itself! This is a truth, as it seems to me, of the very last importance. If we keep away the tubercular temperament, we also keep away the tubercle! If we permit the encroachment of the tubercular temperament, we likewise invite the encroachment of tubercles. One we cannot have without the other. They follow, one the other, in inevitable and unvarying sequence, as gravity follows, or rather attends, the presence of matter. This is no idle or illusory distinction, but a great pathological fact!”

And this great pathological fact, then, is the discovery to which Dr. McCormack lays claim in having demonstrated the true cause of consumption; for, as he continues further to say,

“Neither inflammation, nor colds-taking, nor starvation, nor inferior nourishment, nor chills, nor deficient clothing, nor excessive moisture, nor low spirits, nor bodily inaction, nor the suppression of eruptions, nor the retention of habitual discharges, nor exhaustion, nor abuse of mercury, nor intemperance, nor supposed hereditary tendencies, *will in any case* lead to tubercular deposits, in much or in little, whether phthisical or scrofulous, *if there be not a tubercular habit of body*, a cachexy, a dyscrasis, term it as we will, to superinduce them.”

Nothing certainly can be more explicit or more emphatic than this declaration. But the author has not added any explanation of what he calls “tubercular habit of body.” And yet how important it was that he should have explained it to us; and in what a tantalising state he has left us, by this omission, may be conjectured from the following ulterior proclamation of the author to the world regarding consumption:—

“For the first time in the history of the disease, I would proclaim that phthisis is absolutely within our control; that no one need become consumptive who does not choose it.”

In another part of his essay Dr. McCormack had admitted that there is no phthisis where there is no tubercles; and he farther asserted that there are no tubercles without a *tuberculous cachexy or temperament*. The latter point, constituting the principal prop of his alleged demonstration of the cause of consumption, he has not succeeded in proving; and, moreover, were such a proposition ever to be proved, Dr. McCormack would not be the first propounder of it, since he himself has quoted Bayle and other authors, who have professed the identical doctrine.

Nevertheless we think Dr. McCormack's essay deserving of perusal by every one who desires to be informed of all that has been thought and said, in olden as well as modern times, on the vital question of consumption—and that all, expressed in clever and fluent language, exhibiting learning without pedantry.

CLIMATOLOGY.

Climate, Weather, and Disease: being a sketch of the opinions of the most celebrated ancient and modern writers, with regard to the influence of climate and weather in producing disease. By ALFRED HAVILAND, M.R.C.S. England, &c. (Churchill. 1855. 8vo.)—No subject is better suited for discussion under the head of popular medicine than this very one of *climate*. The conviction is general, throughout the civilised world, that disease and the state of the weather bear a certain relation to each other, and that each particular atmosphere exhibits its liabilities to, or immunities from, certain bodily ailments. Medically speaking, such is the essence of *Climatology*; and in this sense alone can the CRITIC take cognisance of the subject. To enter into its cosmological or meteorological bearings would be to trench on purely physical sciences.

The author before us has strictly confined himself to this view of his text; but he has not so arranged his matter, or grouped the several points which its consideration suggests, as to constitute a readable and popular code of climatological truths and deductions, likely to be of use to the general reader. His is a sketch, as he himself denominates it, of which the main object seems to be to show that between the phenomena prevalent in a year of ravaging epidemic, truly and faithfully portrayed by Hippocrates; there runs a strong likeness to those which have been described by later authors, even down to our own days. The result has been, what its learned author no doubt never intended, such a *mélange* of old and new saws about disease and weather, that the reader cannot well discern amongst them what are the principal truths or facts, or notions or directions, which the author is desirous to inculcate for useful and practicable purposes. We question whether Sir Roderick Murchison ever anticipated to have found himself placed, in a chapter entitled “The Study of Climatology,” between Hippocrates and Montesquieu? Or if under the head of *Phthisis* any reader expected a transition from the opinions of Galen, and some remarks of Dr. Richard Quain, to the invention of Jeffreys's *respirator*, which is here designated “a portable climate.”

In making these observations in passing, it is far from our wish to be understood to censure the manner in which the author has treated his subject. Rather than to rest satisfied with wetting his lips at the streamlets of modern science, he has preferred to drink deep at the wells of classic lore; and thus, in the midst of a multitude of mere sips of the former, he calls upon us to pledge him in such formidable and frequent bumpers of the latter, that we at last fancy ourselves present at an Athenian banquet.

That it may be desirable sometimes to refer to the opinions entertained by the earliest writers on the dependence of many diseases on certain atmospheric phenomena, with the view of contrasting them with those professed in the present age, we are ready to admit; but we consider that for any other than an object of curiosity, the comparison is nearly useless. Meteorology has always been, nay, is to this day, in an unsatisfactory state. Even all the progress of astronomy in our days, or of chemistry or physics, have done but little towards fixing the principles of meteorology. As a separate study, it was not even known in ancient times. How, therefore, can it advance our acquaintance with the nature and effect of climate to bring forward, in a modern work written for that object, a formidable array of sentences, and even whole pages, in Hellenic characters, to show what were the opinions of an illustrious physician delivered upwards of two thousand and three hundred years ago?

Mr. Haviland, in his volume, seems to us to have assumed more the office of a new commentator on Hippocrates, than that of a mentor or instructor of the rising generation in climatology. What he has denominated *Iatro-meteorology* of Hippocrates is a running commentary on that acutest of all medical observers of ancient or modern times, as he appears to us in his admirable book “On airs, waters, and places,” by far the most perfect of his many productions. Having premised that the sage of Cos had comprised all meteoric phenomena observed by him during the year into three *catastases* or constitutions, or states of the atmosphere (by the French called *constitution médicale*), Mr. Haviland proceeds to enumerate the said constitutions, each of which brings along with it a certain train of diseases. These diseases the author discourses upon severally, as well as upon their presumed relation to the state of the weather which prevailed on the spot in which Hippocrates wrote, viz., Thasos, a small island in the *Ægean* archipelago, lat. 30° 30' north. While performing this part of his task, Mr. Haviland quotes whole passages in Greek, nay, constructs tables from Hippocrates' observations, principally in the original language. Evidently, all this can serve but a few learned scholars; and the author has, thereby, wistfully contracted the number of the readers of his otherwise clever and even amusing book.

But Mr. Haviland has done something else. Under every one of the principal divisions and subdivisions of his *iatro-meteorological* classification of Hippocrates' observations, he has collected such a heterogeneous mass or amalgamation of quotations, allusions, and references from, to, or respecting almost every author and book under the sun, which have the

least connection with the subject of climate and its relation to disease, that the mind of the reader is bewildered at last, and rises from the perusal of Mr. Haviland's learned pages with something like the oppressed sensation of one who has fed on a multiplicity of unexplored and unexplorable dishes, pleasing to the eyes, most agreeable to the taste, but of impossible digestion, because too numerous and too miscellaneous.

The work possesses much merit for its erudition. It is really delightful to meet in a provincial practitioner with such an ardent love for and commensurate acquaintance with ancient and classical learning. The fact is highly creditable to the profession, among whom all who are scholars will, no doubt, refer to Mr. Haviland's volume. Those, also, among readers of modern medical literature who may wish to know what stores Mr. Haviland has laid open for them in his volume from that source concerning climatology, will find in it innumerable facts collected together—medical, meteorological, statistical and tabular—if they have the patience and tact to winnow them from the general mass. But they must not look for any systematic view of the laws that govern the influence of climate on disease.

THE LIVER; A PRODUCER OF SUGAR.—It was our lot in the preceding number to introduce this important part of our animal structure (father to sevenths of the ills that human flesh is heir to) as being liable to the invasion of a new parasite who feeds on its surface. On the present occasion we present the Liver as the proclaimed generator of all the sugar to be found in our composition. This identical question forms at this moment a subject of great scientific strife in Paris, to which it appears to us that the go-by has been unaccountably given by the profession in this country. It has been supposed, from certain recent discoveries, that the faculty possessed by the liver of generating or secreting sugar was a physiological truth perfectly established and a standing fact in science. The experiments and observations of Claude Bernard, as backed by the subsequent researches of the able Leipzig chemist, Lehmann, seemed to have set that question at rest. A new series of experiments, however, by Dr. Figuier, of Paris, which seems to have been conducted with much care and precision, as well as often repeated, would tend to show that both Lehmann and Bernard have mistaken a deposition of sugar into, for a generation of sugar by, the liver. Dr. Figuier had presented two memoirs to the Imperial Academy of Sciences, detailing his experiments and conclusions contrary to the received notions; but, as the committee appointed to investigate both had objected that some of the inferences drawn from a part of the experiments (in themselves indisputable) were open to a different interpretation from that adopted by the author, and, consequently, tended to invalidate, instead of sustaining, his conclusions—Dr. Figuier resumed the inquiry *de novo*; and in a third memoir he has brought forward as facts the following:—1st. That in healthy animals on which he operated he has never found a trace of sugar in the liver. 2nd. That very sensible quantities of sugar are always found in the portal vein, from whence it is poured, and deposited into the liver, there to sojourn a certain space of time, and be afterwards distributed through the general system of the circulation. 3rd. That the portal vein itself gets the sugar from the result of the intestinal digestion of the food taken. 4th. That in the normal state there always exists a certain quantity of sugar in the blood of men and animals. Now both Bernard and Lehmann had contended that the sugar, once engendered in the liver, is immediately consumed *during* respiration; so that, after passing out of the lungs, no trace of sugar can be detected in the blood. Which is right? This scientific contention, which is even now being carried on before the most scientific body in Europe, as well as collaterally by many other analytical or physiological chemists and in the public journals, cannot but lead to the acquisition of new and interesting information, although the novel theory of “*La Glycogénie du Foie*” may not be proven, after all. But Dr. Figuier's researches, though originally undertaken with the view of testing the truth of the alleged discovery of Mons. Bernard's and Lehmann's illustrations, have led him incidentally, whilst repeating his experiments, in consequence of the doubts expressed by the Commissioners, to another important result—the detection, namely (also in the liver), of a considerable quantity of *albuminose*, poured, like the sugar (*glycose*), into that organ from the portal vein, and, like it, the product of the digestion of nitrogenous aliments. “Such a result,” observes the author, “has an importance that it will not be possible to neglect, when referring to the physiological functions of the liver, thus exhibited, to us in the character of an organ destined to serve as a temporary reservoir of the products of digestion.” The conclusions of Dr. Figuier's remarkable papers will be best given in his own vernacular language:—“Ainsi j'opine que le foie constitue une sorte de réservoir pour les produits de la digestion: que cet organe doit retenir quelque temps dans son tissu le *glycose* et l'*albuminose* provenant de la digestion, pour les verser plus tard dans le sang de la circulation générale. Il est probable qu'il s'opère dans le foie un travail physiologique

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nouveau sur les produits de la digestion qui arrivent de l'intestin (the portal vein he had previously shown to be charged with both *glycose* and *albuminose*), de telle sorte, que le foie pourrait être considéré, si non comme un second estomac, au moins comme un véritable annexe de l'appareil digestif." Should these propositions and conclusions remain henceforth undisputed (and we shall watch the next steps of the antagonists, as well as of the umpires, of the Institute), a new field of pathological inquiry will open before the medical practitioner, which, while it will aid him materially to take a more scientific view of the functions of so important an organ as the liver, will at the same time suggest to him better means of successfully combating its morbid affections. (See *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, Vol. III., Nos. 1 and 4, also *Journal de Pharmacie*.)

ONE DEGREE NEARER TO MAN.—If we accept Dr. Samuel Kneeland's account of a skeleton recently added to the Boston (U.S.) Museum of the great Chimpanzee (*Troglodytes Gorilla*), we may fairly conclude that there exists, in the animal creation, an individual of the quadrumane species approaching nearer to the genus *Man* than any chimpanzee, orang, gibbon, or other great *simia* hitherto described, not exclusive even of that lectured upon not long since at the Royal Institution, by Professor Owen. The individual noticed by the American naturalist, and by him minutely and anatomically described, as far as the bony fabric is concerned, is represented as offering the greatest approximation to the skeleton of man in the form, size, and dimensions of its several bony parts. At every step of the description we read such expressions as this: the proportion between such a part of the animal and its human correlative brings him nearer to man than the chimpanzee or orang. Dr. Kneeland concludes his description in the following words:—"All the bones are exceedingly solid and heavy, indicating great muscular force; many of them bear marks of fracture and bony growth, which indicate that this was a veteran male who had seen many a hard fight. The skull (whose inward capacity is only twenty-seven cubic inches), the lower jaw, and many of the long bones, show by their broken condition that he was killed, after a severe struggle, with many a wound both from bullet and cutting instrument. His height must have been nearly five and a half feet, and the breadth of his shoulders, judging from the scapulae and ribs, over two feet. The hands extend a little below the knees. The abdomen, judging from the iliac fossae, must be nearly two feet wide (the pelvis was previously described as not being very dissimilar from the human). The lower extremities are strongly bowed. "If we clothe this immense skeleton (adds Dr. Kneeland) with its powerful muscles and its coarse hairy covering, we may have an idea of a monster which it would be more pleasant to read about and describe than to meet." The specimen was obtained through the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It is to be regretted that no memoranda of the *habitat* and of the manner of the capture of this semi-human monster accompanied the present.—*Boston Journal of Natural History*, Vol. VI., No. 3.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A STATUE to the late Archdeacon Brooks, senior rector of Liverpool, is about to be placed in St. George's Hall, Liverpool.—The Architectural Exhibition is to be opened on the 17th of December, and no works previously exhibited are to be received.—We have much pleasure (says the *Manchester Guardian*) in being able to announce to our readers the intention on the part of Mr. Alderman Barnes to present to the corporation of Manchester a colossal bust of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, in marble, to be placed in the Town Hall, in commemoration of her Majesty's visit to this city in October 1851.—The *Talma* portrait of Shakspeare is now on sale in Paris. The portrait was given to the great actor by an English nobleman. It is little known in England.—We read in the *Journal de Rome*, of the 24th October, as follows:—The Roman school of the mosaic art, thanks to the encouragement of the Holy Father, enjoys a great and just renown. The celebrated Lemiga Moglia, who cultivates this art with the greatest success, has just represented in mosaic one of the *chefs d'œuvres* of Raphael, *La Vierge à la Chaise*. He has represented in mosaic the picture of its natural size, and, in the opinion of connoisseurs, in all its beauty. He hoped to have terminated his work in time for the exhibition at Paris, for which it was intended, but he had not time.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSIC EXCLUSIVELY A MODERN ART.

WE can imagine that many readers will read this proposition with surprise, setting it down for a paradox; nevertheless, it may be very easily and very exactly demonstrated.

The Romans, the Egyptians, and, above all, the Greeks, attributed to their own peculiar music the

most wonderful effects, and consecrated them by the fables of Orpheus and Amphion. In truth, they may have had very able professors; though it seems scarcely possible that Orpheus could have sung better than Dupré or Madame Pasta, or that Amphion should have played the lyre more ably than did Paganini or Baillot upon the violin. But, however great may have been the merit of certain individual artists, Music with the ancients could never have gone beyond a solo; for they were totally ignorant of the power, or even of the existence, of concerted music. We are not afraid to assert this when we see those long tubes of copper or bronze, those monstrous discs of metal represented in Egyptian sculpture or on the walls of Pompeii—rude and barbarous machines which permitted no modulation, and which seem only fit to make a noise and give utterance to the most unpleasant sounds. As for their flute, it was so imperfect that it was necessary to change the instrument in order to change the expression. 'Tis true they had the bagpipe, the Pandean pipes, and the lyre; but the bagpipe cannot be considered very melodious, the Pandean pipes offer no very great resources, and, as for the lyre, it is but a very poor instrument of seven strings, without either finger-board or stops to vary the intonation; the strings, moreover, were so short that they could never possess very great sonority. The Egyptians discovered the harp and the Eoud (an instrument analogous to the guitar), but only the Hebrews adopted them. The Egyptians advanced no further. Neither among them, nor in Greece, nor at Rome, do we find instruments played with a bow or made with a key-board. Examine the sculptured bas-reliefs and paintings on the walls of Pompeii and on these magnificent monolithic tombs at Thebes, in which all the civilisation of the Pharaohs is displayed, and you will find none such. None of their instruments, we repeat, were played upon with a bow; and how can real music be obtained without the violin and its congeners? We may answer that question by our regimental bands. Let the military orchestra be ever so carefully constructed, it must be admitted that its musical effects are confined, and fitted only to express and excite violent passions.

To understand how the ancients could have derived any satisfaction from their musical instruments, we must recall a remark made by M. Fétis, that "the education of the ear develops such different tastes that it is impossible to lay down any general rule for impressions." We have seen a striking example of this truth in the music of the Chinese, as it has been brought into Europe, and illustrated both at Paris and London; from which it would appear that the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire take delight in what appears to us no better than frightful squalling. If we are to believe the Hindoos, their music has gone far beyond taming wild beasts, and animating stones.—"In the middle of a fine day, Mialusine (a famous singer, who lived in the time of the Emperor Akber), executed a *raja*, composed by the god Makedo, and intended to represent night. The power of that melody was so great, that the sun disappeared, and a profound obscurity extended as far as the voice of the singer could be heard." A few years ago, some Indian bayaderes came to dance at the Théâtre des Variétés in Paris; they were accompanied by that music which can bring on obscurity when employed to celebrate the charms of night; but the French public liked it so little, that it was hissed in spite of the character and inimitable grace of the dancers. No less certain is it, on the other hand, that the European music is equally displeasing to the Orientals. I was at Constantinople, when an Italian Opera-house was opened at Pera. What has become of it since I know not, but at that time a few Turks were with difficulty got together to attend it. "I once," says M. Fétis, "knew an Arab at Paris, who was passionately fond of the *Marseillaise*, and often asked me to play it to him upon the piano; but when I tried to play it with its accompaniment he stopped my left hand, saying: 'No, not that; the other only.' The bass seemed to his ear like another air, which prevented him from hearing the *Marseillaise*. Such is the effect of education upon the organs."

That the ancients were impressed by the music which their instruments were capable of producing, and that the Chinese and Indians take pleasure in that which sets our teeth on edge even at the thoughts of it, is no proof that all sorts of music are good, but only that our ears may be badly trained. The music which affects us most is that which we have been accustomed to all our lives; and that accounts for the prodigious effect of national anthems upon the inhabitants of the countries to which they belong, and for the profound emotion with which the Swiss listens to the *Ranz des Vaches*, or the Highlander to his beloved bagpipe—not in itself a very sentimental instrument. It is thus that we should interpret the wonderful things related in the fables about Amphion and Orpheus. In spite of which our proposition remains untouched—that the ancients could have had no good music, for the very simple reason that they had no orchestral instruments. Another proof is, that they wrote very little music. We possess the works of Homer, of Thucydides, of Diodorus, of David, and of Cicero; but we have nothing by any composer of their times. Antiquity has left us a few words on theoretical

music (the most celebrated of which are by the two great mathematicians Pythagoras and Euclid), but history makes no mention of a single composer. Each practical musician composed his own music; and so little was set down upon paper, that only three or four fragments have been handed down to us.

Our ancestors were very little more advanced. In the month of February, 1600, Emilio del Cavaliere presented at Rome, in the Church of the Oratory, Santa Maria della Vallicella, his sacred drama, *Anima e Corpo*, in which the dialogue was sung. This was the first work of the kind that had been known; for up to that time the Church and the Theatre had only given pieces in which the spoken dialogue was mingled with psalms and songs. It was in the December of the same year that *Euridice*, the first opera (that is to say, the first profane drama with a musical dialogue, or *recitativo*), appeared at Florence. It was by Jacopo Peri, assisted by Cassini. *Euridice tragedia per musica* (a tragedy in music), has been printed, and Burney had the good fortune to find a copy of it. Mr. Ayrton, an English musician, who is as learned as he is liberal (which is saying much), possesses, among the rarities of his splendid library, a copy of this work; it is entitled: *Le musiche di Jacopo Peri, nobel fiorentino sopra l'Euridice del Sig. Ottavio Rinuccini. In Firenze MDC.* "Jacopo Peri," says he, "speaking of his attempt to introduce musical dialogue upon the stage, honestly explains that Emilio del Cavaliere set him the example." Poets and composers chiefly intended by these novelties "to imitate the custom of the Greeks and Romans, who sang their tragedies." Like the Alchemists, they found something better than what they sought for; instead of the rhythmical declamations of the ancients, the object of their search, they discovered the *recitativo*.

The score of the *Anima e Corpo* has been printed.* It is a curious document upon the state of music at the beginning of the 17th century. According to the criticism of Burney, an orchestra for an oratorio was, at even this not very remote epoch, thus composed:—*una lira doppia*† (a double lyre), *un clavicembalo* (a harpsichord), *un chitarone* (a large guitar), and *due flauti, o due tibie all'antica* (two flutes or two ancient tibias, or flutes with double pipes). Emilio del Cavaliere recommends that the instruments should be placed *behind the scenes*, where they will not so much accompany the voice as sustain it, after the manner of the flute-playing in the ancient tragedies. It is clear from this that the composer of the year 1600 knew nothing of an orchestra!

The first trace of an orchestra to be found in the history of Music is in connexion with the *Orfeo* of Claudio Monteverde, an opera produced at Mantua in 1607. Still, the instruments presented by Monteverde were not concerted; each one was applied in a distinct manner to accompany a personage, something in the following way:—*Prologue*, by two harpsichords; *Orpheus*, by two bass-violins; *Eurydice*, by ten arm-violins; *Chorus of Nymphs and Shepherds*, by a double-harp; *Speranza*, by two violins; *Carole*, or *Charon*, by two large guitars; *Chorus of Infernal Spirits*, by two portable organs with wooden pipes; *Proserpine*, by two leg-violins (*bassi da gamba*); *Pluto*, by four trombones; *Apollo*, by a *regale*—a small portable organ with metal pipes; *Chorus of Shepherds*, by two small trumpets, a little flute, a clarion, and three trumpets with stops.

In arranging this orchestra, Monteverde was an innovator; he did what had never before been imagined. When the stones of the Gothic cathedrals had been sculptured for four centuries; when Brunelleschi had raised into the air the cupola of St. Mary at Florence, and Ghiberti had cast the doors of the Baptistery of St. John a century back; when Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, and Raphaël had been eighty years dead; when Michael Angelo had created St. Peter's Dome, *The Last Judgment*, and the Tomb of the Medici half a century ago; when Shakspeare had written his great works, Montaigne his *Essays*, and Tasso his *Jerusalem Delivered*—Music hardly existed! Galileo was on the point of discovering the earth's motion (1613), and Harvey the circulation of the blood (1626); but musicians still knew nothing of the science of wedding the human voice with the sounds of concerted instruments.

The plain-song of the Middle Ages certainly possessed noble, pathetic, and sublime beauties, but they were of one tone, that is to say, monotonous. The plain-song itself, totally unable to illustrate, far less to advance the art. From the fourteenth century to the latter part of the sixteenth, the study of an admirable science declined into the puerile artifices of a ridicu-

* Octavio Petrucci, the Roman, invented the characters of music at Venice, in 1503. The first composition printed by him was a Mass by Pierre Delarue, a Frenchman.

† The Italians called *lira da braccio* (arm lyre) a sort of violin with seven strings, about the size of the viol or alto. The bass of this instrument had ten or even twelve strings, and was called *lira da gamba* (leg lyre), because it was placed on the knee when played, as the violoncello is placed between the legs. The *lira da gamba* is also called *lirone perfetto*, *arciola di liuto* and *acordo*: (*Dictionnaire de Musique*, by Lichtenhal.) The *lira doppia* mentioned above was, doubtless, a fourth name for the *lira da gamba*, and this supposition acquires a stronger air of probability when we find that there is no other instrument played with a bow in the accompaniment of the *Anima e Corpo*.

* Introduction to the *Dictionnaire Universel des Musiciens*.

lous pedantry. Music, which had produced melodies of most charming simplicity, profound in expression, and exquisitely graceful, became a mere exercise of the wit—more or less ingenious, more or less futile, preserving nothing of its essence but the name. It consists of nothing but torturing the counterpoint and the canon. "Dr. Lichtenthal's *Dictionnaire de Musique* gives the names of twenty or thirty variations of the counterpoint. Coloured counterpoint was, where only minims and crochets were brought together. Counterpoint à la boîteuse (halting counterpoint) consisted in always placing a crochet between two minims. In counterpoint à la droite, all the notes proceeded diatonically, whether in ascending or descending. There was also counterpoint, in which certain notes, or certain chords, were interdicted. And they called this music! "The canon (says Fétis) is a rule, an obligation imposed upon the composer, as the repetition of a single phrase, in one part, while the others form an ordinary counterpoint." The canon, thus understood, is simply a difficulty to overcome, something like the *bouts rimés* in poetry. This kind of exercise, which dates from the fourteenth century, and which might have its utility in the schools, was pushed almost to childishness. The perfection of the style was the *Enigmatical canon*, a sort of Chinese puzzle, which had to be very scientifically involved, so that no one could understand anything about it. There was also the *polymorphous canon*,—a word taken from the Greek, and signifying a great variety of forms. The inventor of this canon, with the ingenious and agreeable improvements of which people busied themselves for more than a century, was a Frenchman named Dufay. "As for melody (says M. Fétis), Dufay attached no more importance to it than the harmonists of former times. His masses are all founded upon vulgar songs, or upon a few passages from a plain song; harmony was the only object which seemed to fix his attention. He was the first who composed an entire Mass out of a well-known song, called *L'homme armé* ('The Armed Man'). For upwards of a hundred and fifty years a great number of harmonists adopted this song for the subject of their church music." In that age of decadence and confusion the words had no value, no significance; the musicians cared nothing for the melody, which they took sometimes from an old anthem, sometimes even from an obscene song!

When Josquin Depres, the Fleming, came to Paris, to solicit an appointment from Louis XII., an Italian courtier promised to obtain it for him; but, for a long time, to the solicitations of Josquin, he invariably answered, in his Milanese dialect, "*lasso le fare a mi*" ("leave it to me," or "let me do it in my way"). Josquin saw that he had been duped, and, having to compose a mass for the Royal Chapel, instead of taking a song for his subject, he took the five notes LA, SO, FA, RE, MI, the very words of his Italian friend, and during the entire mass the tenors (*teneurs* were the high voices which sang the theme: thence *tenor*) gave nothing but these five notes, arranged for the accompanying voices in a thousand different modes. All who were in the confidence of the composer could not contain their laughter, and the King naturally inquired into the meaning of this strange gaiety in the midst of divine service. So corrupt was the general taste at that time that the composer owed to that profanation of his art and of religion, that which had been refused to his talent. Another mass by Josquin Depres is called *La Messe des Dices* ("The Dice Mass"), because on the margin of each piece were placed two dice, whose points indicated the time and the prolation of the different parts. M. Fétis, who informs us of the existence of these *tours de force*, nevertheless calls Josquin "one of the greatest musicians that belonged to the end of the Fifteenth Century." Ought he not rather to have called him mathematician? But perhaps those artifices were a needful manure to prepare the ground which was about to fecundate and bring forth its Handels, its Mozarts, its Beethovens, its Webers, and its Rossinis.

We have no right to degrade a sophist placed so high by competent authorities as Josquin has been; but it must at any rate be admitted that he moved in a circle in which art had fallen very low indeed. This, however, is what the authorities prove: "During the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, musicians only knew the form of the counterpoint; the art was mechanical" (Lichtenthal). "During the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, the art lay rather in a combination of sounds than in a regular composition" (Fétis). Busby expresses himself to the same effect:—"It clearly appears by the qualifications formerly required of a candidate, either for a Doctor's or a Bachelor's degree in music, that at the institution of those degrees (in the Fifteenth Century) music was regarded as a science merely speculative, and that little, if any, stress was laid on skill in composition. The being able to read and expound Boethius* was conceived to be a higher criterion of scientific acquisition than any specimen of invented harmony and melody; and an acquaintance with the ratio of musical intervals, and the philosophy of sounds, superseded the operations of creative genius and practical

* Boethius wrote a Latin work in five books upon Music.

theory" (*Dictionary of Music*). After all, what constitutes the fame of Palestrina? It is for having made true music, sweet melodies—lively or holy according to the words which he had to give expression to. But Palestrina died in 1592, and touched close upon the seventeenth century. His school was the starting-point from whence Music, so long stationary, began to rise towards the highest degrees of perfection. He set it in the good way, but still the art advanced so slightly that even this man of genius, whose taste was so pure, wrote an entire mass upon the air of *L'Homme armé*. The greatest minds hold to their century, and Palestrina, while reforming music, never carried it beyond vocal composition. In these he generally employed three voices, and never more than eight. It was at this point, still a very backward one, that he left the music of the Church.

As for profane music, it also was confined to *morceaux* of three, four, or five voices, accompanied by three or four instruments—the lute, the violoncello, the violin, and the flute, "all expressing the same note as the voice" (Fétis, Lichtenthal). "We find in the *Anima e Corpo* of 1600 proof that Cavaliere was one of the first musicians, if he was not the first, to imagine an instrumental bass different from the vocal base, and which he called *continuo* bass" (Fétis). In the concerts which Giorgione, Titian, and Caravaggio have painted, all three great lovers of music, we never find more than four or five singers, with exactly the same number of instrumentalists. Never at that epoch do you find that music took the first place; but always as the accessory to a repast, a party of pleasure, or a *fête*. Paul Veronese, who died in 1538, shows us what it was in his time by the famous picture of the *Marriage of Cana*, one of the finest specimens of either ancient or modern painting. He has made that marriage a splendid festival; the guests, superbly attired in Oriental stuffs, satins, brocades, and cloth of gold, covered with jewels and precious stones, are waited upon by a crowd of servants all richly habited; the viands are served upon costly plate, and the water, changed into wine, is poured into vases of sculptured silver, some two or three feet high; the feast is held in the midst of a magnificent gallery, and the common people are climbing upon the cornices of the colonnade to get a peep at that princely festival. Surely here was an occasion upon which music would be called upon to do its best. What is the fact? Two *violi da gamba*, a contra-basso, a violin, a flute, and a trombone, were sufficient for a feast upon which the painter was lavishing all the luxury of his time, and in which he was exhibiting the perfection to which all the other arts had attained.

The lyric drama, commenced in 1600 by Caccini and Peri, remained, in spite of the lively impulse given to it by Monteverde, almost stationary during another half century. "The *Euridice* of Peri was all in *recitative*; and we can scarcely distinguish the special peculiarity of the passages marked *aria*. It is only in the *Jason* of Cavalli, in 1649, that we begin to discover airs having a melody somewhat different from the *recitative*. The first real air is to be found in the *Dorie* of Cesti" (Choron, *Dictionnaire des Musiciens*). The masters who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century did not understand that the *recitativo* is useful in expressing that which belongs to the narrative and to the action; but that the airs, duets, &c. ought to express the sentiments. The complete opera dates only from Alessandro Scarlatti, who shone in 1680. "Scarlatti gave to it a character of passionate vigour which was wanting. Up to that time the airs were short, uniform, and almost all modulated in the same manner: duets were very rare" (Fétis). You find very few trios, and only four or five quintets, and in the whole of the forty operas of this wonderful genius I could not reckon more than seventy-one duets.

Who would believe, if it were not a proved fact, that Lulli first had the idea of writing a sort of overture; and that for a long time the Italian composers were satisfied with having these overtures of Lulli played before their own works; finally, that Scarlatti was the first Italian who wrote an overture to his operas? (Choron.) Even these poor symphonies, executed upon twelve or fifteen instruments, scarcely deserved the title of overtures. Handel himself, whom Beethoven called so deservedly "the monarch of music," dying in the middle of the eighteenth century, has only left for overtures fugued passages, invariably terminated by minuets. They are generally very short; "he attached very little importance to them, and there is not one which cost him more than a morning's work" (Hawkins).

It is quite certain then that the union of harmony with melody, of voices with instruments in accord, of the lyric drama with the accent of the passions—that, in fact, the existence of music in its most winning and noblest form, in its greatness and its supreme beauty, has been the spontaneous development of the century which lay between 1650 and 1750. They make mention of instrumental quartets of the time of Elizabeth; but what were they? We know that the immortal Boccherini, the forerunner of Haydn—Boccherini, who fixed the principles of instrumental quartets, quintets, and sextets, died in 1806. Up to the end of the eighteenth century we had no idea of that admirable style of composition which we call a symphony, and our eyes

have seen Gossec, one of the first who used it. Haydn, who really created that style, and brought it to perfection, is justly termed the father of instrumental music, and it is scarcely forty-six years since Haydn died.

Strange and inexplicable fact! Man has sung ever since his birth; in whatever stage of civilisation he has been found, he possessed instruments of music more or less rude; the traditions of all people assign to music a celestial origin; but, nevertheless, it remained in the old world below all other arts; and in modern times, architecture, sculpture, painting, literature, the drama, and poetry, had brought forth their perfections, science had made the most enormous strides, when music was yet spelling over the fugue and the counterpoint, and did not even possess a proper handwriting of its own. "The absurd system of notation which had tortured all musicians—a system in which a number of exceptions rendered doubtful the real value of the notes—was only abandoned at the commencement of the seventeenth century. It was only in the compositions published after the year 1610 that we cease to find traces of it. Guidetto, of Bologna, in publishing *L'Anima e Corpo*, about the year 1690, indicates the ornaments to the songs by the signs which had been employed by Cavaliere, with their noted translation. This indication of ornaments is the most ancient we know of. Monteverde invented the scenic duet, and he it was who discovered a harmony and a new *tonalité*, which has become the base of modern harmony, thus creating the expressive and dramatic accent, and transforming the entire art" (Fétis).

Thus we see that music, which seems now to have attained the summit of its power, whose productions, at the end of the eighteenth century and the commencement of the nineteenth, rival the most beautiful, the noblest, the loftiest, and the most profound emanations of the human mind, was almost in its swaddling-clothes at the beginning of the eighteenth century. We assert here simply an historical fact, and do not seek to draw any conclusion from it derogatory to the art. Music, that art so pure, so chaste, is the vaguest production of man's brain; she has no type; she finds no model on the earth; perhaps the human understanding had need to arrive at the full development of its powers before it could thoroughly comprehend her; perhaps she was the latest born because the most delicate and the most spiritual of all—as the woman was the last creature in the world, because the most perfect.

VICTOR SCHÉLCHER.

NEW MUSIC.

The Soldier's Adieu. For the Pianoforte. By ALBERT LINDAHL. London: Chappell.

The Soldier's Prayer. For the Pianoforte. By ALBERT LINDAHL. London: Chappell.

THESE pieces for the pianoforte are pleasing additions to the many compositions which have emanated from the circumstances of the war. In the first, the composer has with discretion adhered to the brevity which ought to characterise all adieux, whether actual or musical. A simple air, with the bass accompaniment, which belongs to the German school of sentimental writing, forms the subject and agrees well with the idea. In the prayer the music is written upon words of Keble's—

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

The motive has a melodious melancholy strain throughout, with an accompaniment similar to that of *The Soldier's Adieu*. It is in the key of F minor, with an agreeable interlude in the major, and returning of course to its minor conclusion.

Le Chant de Religieuses. Pour Piano. Par ALBERT LINDAHL. London: Chappell.

THE commencement of this in the key of E flat minor is solemn and imposing, written to the verbal text taken from Longfellow:—

Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the organ.

A pleasing relief in the major is preceded by these words from the same author.

And the Nun's sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

Sebastopol: a Hymn of Praise. For the Pianoforte. By ALBERT LINDAHL. London: Jullien and Co.

SOME appropriate words from Longfellow form the subject on which the composition is based. A frontispiece, a coloured lithograph, well executed, represents the storming of the Malakhoff Tower—a suitable introduction to the music. A motive in tempo di Marcia is followed by a plaintive hymn, in which is introduced the air "See, the Conquering Hero Comes."

Il Trovatore. By ALBERT LINDAHL. London: Chappell.

AN air and chorus from the opera are the foundation of this brilliant music for the pianoforte, which is well adapted as an agreeable recreation for the boudoir or the drawing-room.

MUS.

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MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

The opera of *Macbeth* is being performed at St. Petersburg. Middle. Bosio's *debut* was very successful.—Signor Costa's *Elis* will be performed in London early next year.—The *Gazette Musicale* of Paris states that "the re-opening of her Majesty's Theatre at London next year is now given out as certain to take place." M. Calzado, director of the Italian Opera at Paris, will make one in the combination, and the artists who now form his company will in a large part compose the *troupe* for London.—Madame Goldschmidt (better known as Jenny Lind) has arrived in London with her husband, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. They purpose giving a series of oratorios and concerts under Mr. Mitchell's superintendence. Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt will make her first appearance on Monday, Dec. 10th, in Haydn's oratorio of the *Creation*, at Exeter-hall.—"A long-looked-for book has just made its appearance," says a contemporary gossip. "Who that is at all curious about old English literature and music has not seen, or at least heard of, Mr. Chappell's charming work on the 'Old National Airs of England?' We well remember its appearance. We could quote, were it necessary, twenty different works of established authors in which it is authoritatively referred to. We have never seen a human being to whom it has given anything but delight. Old Tom Killigrew was a fool when he said that English music was confined to 'marrowbones and cleavers.' What fine old airs we have! Who does not delight in

Seller's Round
And Packington's Pound,

in the 'Hunt is Up,' and other airs? Well, here we have them (thanks to William Chappell) in their pristine purity, just as they charmed Queen Elizabeth and Sir Philip Sidney. Here they are in the very notes and words which Sir Walter Scott would have loved to hear from the lips of Sophia Lockhart. There are other charms in these four parts (four out of sixteen)—they are full of the most recondite learning on the music literature of England told (thank you, William Chappell) in the pleasantest manner."

It is announced that Madame Castellan is engaged for this autumn season and the next year's Carnival at the Theatre San Carlo, Naples.—Mlle. Rachel has been gratifying the clergy of New York by giving readings at the Tabernacle, divested "of all the meretricious adjuncts of the theatre." The *Church Journal* says:—"The intensity and flexibility of her power is astonishing and altogether inconceivable, except from the actual testimony of one's own senses. Esther's 'Prayer,' and the personation of Queen Athaliah's horror when her own wickedness terrifies her in visions of the night, are splendid specimens of the tragic power of religion and conscience, both in the good and in the evil."—The following extracts from a private letter of Jenny Lind to a young lady have been published in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, Boston, United States:—"If I might be permitted to offer a suggestion in regard to Miss M—, it would be a recommendation to her not to go to Italy, as she has been advised by some friends to do. My humble opinion is, that the recently adopted method of Italian singing is not the most natural and healthy. The proof thereof is, that we see only a few of the singers in our days who know how to preserve their voice, having once been in Italy and there acquiring the habit of forcing more sound out of their lungs than nature intended they should. I never went to Italy myself for that very reason. After having heard all the modern Italian singers, I was well convinced that my voice never would have been able to preserve its natural elasticity and its character of high soprano had I undertaken to adopt the same forced style of singing as is nowadays almost unavoidable in Italy by the frequent performance of Signor Verdi's operas. His 'music' is the most dangerous for all singing artists, and will continue so to be until the artists themselves shall better understand their own interests, as well as that of the beauty of the art of singing, and refuse to sacrifice themselves to a composer who by no means understands the exquisite beauty of the real Italian singing, that cannot be surpassed by any other nation. Miss M— will find both in London and in Paris masters fully qualified to instruct her in all that is deemed requisite. A year's residence in London and Paris will enable her to judge of the progress she has made, and also the propriety of spending six months or one year in Germany, the land of real music, in which the true artists can only acquire the genuine stamp of art. Germany offers perhaps less excellence for the singer, for the German language is very hard to pronounce, and often changes the character of the sound; for instance, the quality of tone in singing out the Italian word *dolore*, and the German word *schmerz*, will be found different in its results, and infinitely in favour of the former. But to wish to become a good artist, with a good artistical conscience, and not know Germany and its musical masters, would indeed be as great a loss for the artist as it would be to the public, before whom we ought to wish to give a right impression. I know what Germany is to an artist, and with all my veneration for the true Italian singing school, I really believe that, unless I had taken the German music as the groundwork, my knowledge of Italian singing would

never have satisfied me, and my musical faculties would have been undeveloped and unfruitful. What I therefore wish most earnestly to impress upon Miss M—'s mind is, that she should try to combine Italian song and German music, the one being as necessary as the other; that she should try to avoid false pathos, as the same law exists, to its fullest extent, in art as in life; that she be true to herself, try to find out the beauty of truth, as well in the simplest song as in the most difficult *aria*, and the great secret will be hers—the most powerful protector against envy and malice will be on her side."

LITERARY NEWS.

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans have printed 35,000 copies of 'Little Dorrit.'—Lord Brougham is about to publish, in his 'Works,' his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, including the review which occasioned the famous satire of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.'—At Vienna there appear at present 59 journals—of which 19 are dedicated to politics, 15 to the belles lettres, and 25 to the various departments of science.—Dr. F. Moul, of Heidelberg, has discovered in the Monastery of St. Paul, in Corinthia, a MS. of the elder Pliny, containing nearly the whole of the seventh part of the *Natural History*, lib. 11 to 14.

The Duke of Argyll has been re-elected, in accordance with recent usage, to his second year of office as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.—Lord Stanhope (Mahon) is lecturing; Tennyson, it is said, is about to inform the Isle of Wight about Crashaw and George Herbert (the author of 'In Memoriam' must be well up in both poets); Colonel Rawlinson has engaged the *solemn* theatre at Oxford (not at the request of Plumtree) for the purpose of talking about cuneiform inscriptions; and Mr. Peter Cunningham, at it is said, the request of Mr. 'Macready, the great actor (we have now but few), is advertised to deliver a lecture at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, on Temple-bar.—The *New York Daily Times*, in an article on the 'Rights of Lecturers,' says: 'Mr. Thackeray, who commences his lectures on the 'Four Georges' to-morrow, has been compelled to request the reporters of the press not to report his lectures; and, of course, his request will be respected, though we do not imagine that he would be in the least degree injured if they were reported at full length in all the daily papers. It is not what he says that people go to hear, but his manner of saying it. Let any one try the experiment of delivering one of Mr. Thackeray's lectures, and it would be found that it was not the lecture, but the lecturer, that people went to hear. The public did not crowd the Metropolitan Theatre to hear Corneille's and Racine's dramas, but to see Rachel. A brief report of Mr. Thackeray's lectures, which, probably, all the daily papers will give, will only have the effect of stimulating the public to hear them in full.—A correspondent of the *Athenæum* relates a circumstance in the career of an autograph collector, which ought to act as a warning to celebrities. An ingenious rogue, feigning to be in the deepest mental distress, and on the point of committing suicide, entreats the person addressed to give him confidentially his opinion upon the responsibility attending the committal of such an act. The bait takes. The vagabond receives numerous replies. Among those so favouring him are Montalembert, Fenimore Cooper, Abd-el-Kader, Alexander Humboldt, Henri Heine, George Sand, Charles Dickens, Espartero, &c. As soon as received, the letters were taken to a dealer in autographs and there sold. The trick was discovered upon observing that the letters were all upon the same subject. Five-and-forty such were sold within a few hours.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

DRURY LANE.—Lyceum revivals—Madame Labarère and the Lions.

HAYMARKET.—Miss Cushman.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Shaksperian revivals.

CHARLES MATHEWS still continues to fill Drury-lane Theatre, and it certainly gives one some opinion of the popular taste when we find that the almost unassisted acting of this inimitable artist is far more effective than all the senseless splendours of 'Nitoris.' During the fortnight many of the old Lyceum favourites have been revived, and always successfully. Slingsby Lawrence's admirable adaptation of Balzac's *Mercader* is among them; and those who have not yet seen Charles Mathews as Mr. Affable Hawk, the cool but eager speculator, the man of expedients and shifts—in a word, the model Stock-Exchange man—should seize this opportunity of doing so. What a perfect piece of acting it is! So subdued, so unactor-like, so artistic! Besides this we have had *Used Up*, *Cool as a Cucumber*, Sheridan's *Critic*, and Mr. Brough's adaptation of 'En Manches de Chemise'—Number One round the Corner.

With questionable taste, Mr. Smith has added to the attractions of the house an entertainment which has been universally pronounced to be the reverse of

attractive. A large cage, containing two lionesses, a bear, and a bitch of the canine species, is discovered upon the stage, and to them enters a certain Madame Labarère, a smart little Frenchwoman, of, what the reporters call "not unprepossessing appearance." This lady is dressed in ballet costume, and carries a whip in her hand. She enters the cage, pulls the beasts about, rends open their jaws and places her lovely head between their jaws, lugs them across the cage by their tails, allows them to take food from her mouth, straddles across their backs, and lies down upon them, without receiving the slightest injury. The animals are very sleepy and sluggish throughout, as if they had been either over-fed or were labouring under the effects of opium. Upon the whole, the exhibition and the animals seem equally tame. It is only just to the audience to state that they witness the whole of the proceedings with the most supreme indifference.

At the Haymarket Miss Cushman is going the round of her old characters. *The Stranger*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Provoked Husband*, and *Romeo and Juliet* have successively appeared during the fortnight.

Mr. Phelps has revived *Midsummer's Night's Dream* at Sadler's Wells—with what admirable acting, combined with luxury of decoration, those who saw it last season will easily understand. Those who have not yet seen Mr. Phelps in *Bottom* should not lose the opportunity. JACQUES.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—An interesting figure has been added to the large collection of portraits of distinguished persons. It represents the present Emperor of Russia, Alexander II., in a military dress, and is considered by competent judges to be an admirable likeness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. RUSKIN AND THE NEW YORK
"CRAYON."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—I have just seen in the *Critic*, of October 15, a notice of the *Crayon*, in which mention is made of an occurrence sufficiently vexatious, if justly understood, but which your reviewer has somewhat misapprehended, viz.: the exhibition of a sketch by Mr. Ruskin, in our academy. It was a slight but masterly study of a bit of architecture, not intended for exhibition, but well able to endure it; nor was it at all ridiculed, and only criticised by a Ruskin-hater (we have a few such here), in a letter to the *Crayon*.

Our public was glad to see even the autograph of a man whom art-lovers in America honour as an earnest, religious, and essentially great man, should always be honoured in all lands, although he may not be right in every respect.

I hope that you will give a place to this correction, both in justice to Mr. Ruskin and the *Crayon*, and, grateful for your courtesy, remain

Yours, &c.

W. J. STILLMAN, Editor of the *Crayon*.
Office of The *Crayon*, New York, Nov. 9.

SILVER FROM THE STREETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—In your excellent paper (to which I am a subscriber), I find a long extract from the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, relative to silicium (called a metal), and headed "Silver from the Streets," in which is the following: "M. Charles Junot is the man who has invented this new metal" (is it not a *pure invention*?), "and has, according to the account given, spent years in indefatigable research." The statements of the *Manchester Guardian* I very much question, for I, with other chemists with whom I have recently conversed, do not believe silicium to be like silver, or, in fact, a metal at all. Prior to 1808, from experiments upon the action of potassium upon silicic acid (silica), Sir Humphrey Davy concluded that there was oxygen present, combined with a peculiar inflammable basis. In the year 1824, silicium was obtained by Berzelius, by heating potassium with silico-fluoride of potassium, and from its properties he placed it among the simple non-metallic combustibles; indeed, it bears a very strong resemblance to borium (from boracic acid). The French are very fond of publishing singular processes for obtaining acids, metals, &c.; and, I am sorry to say, many of them have not the slightest approximation to the truth.—e. g. Gerhardt read a paper, a few years ago, before the Academy, upon a process for the fabrication of large quantities of valerianic acid. It consisted, he stated, in fusing indigo and potassa together. This wonderful discovery, or rather *invention* it proved to be, went the round of the journals, and created quite a furore. The writer of this, wishing, some time afterwards, to procure valerianic acid in order to study its nature, &c., followed Gerhardt's directions, and to his great astonishment could not procure a trace of the compound. In fact, theoretically, indigo could not yield it, although practically, according to the French savant, it afforded abundance of it. Young chemists

are too apt, before investigating a result, to publish absurdities as discoveries. "There is more credit and honour due to the chemist that removes an error from science, than to the one who discovers a host of new compounds." This ought to be written in gold over each laboratory.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, F.R.S.,
Professor of Chemistry.

Royal College of Chemistry, Liverpool, Nov. 15.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR.—As mesmerism is now thoroughly recognised, notwithstanding the opposition offered to it by some medical men, and is becoming a subject of serious inquiry for the philosopher, I venture to offer for insertion in THE CRITIC an extract from a letter dated Malvern, which I have lately received from the Rev. Jeffery Ekins, Rector of Sampford. I may mention that the mesmerist named is the Rev. R. Barrett, Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. These gentlemen have effected many cures in diseases of very long standing, which had defied all other treatment, but easily yielding under mesmerism.—"Mr. Barrett is here, and I have seen him exhibit most wonderful phenomena on A—. Luckily, my presence was unfelt by her when I was introduced into the darkened room where Mr. Barrett put her to sleep. When she was in that state, I was surprised at her volubility and precision in describing the diseases of persons who had been brought to her notice, and with the distinctness with which she lectured on anatomy, and particularly on the fibrous ramifications of the nerves, invisible to one in the normal state. She then passed to a state in which she had glimpses of spirits—moving active objects, without form, and was not able to distinguish any thing earthly, not even Mr. Barrett corporeally, only seeing that part of the body with which she was in contact. In that state she sang songs, sacred or comic, accordingly as he touched the organs. She then was placed by him in the exalted state, and I never beheld a more solemn and affecting an exhibition. She was then inaccessible even by her mesmeriser, communing with spiritual beings, praying them to 'come,' and improvising a most impassioned hymn, imploring to be received as 'the child of the Lord.' She was reclining on her back, but the varied attitude of her arms was too elegant and sublime for description, and would have furnished an idea to the sculptor, if he had been present. She then said she wished to 'go,' and that, if she had been allowed to go, her spirit would never have returned to her body. She was asked, that if she had been allowed to 'go,' what was to be done with her? She said, 'bury me.' I leave this interesting subject for the consideration and comment of the learned readers of THE CRITIC.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN JAMES BIRD.

22, Maddox-street, Hanover-square.

BYRON'S INN AT OUCHY, SWITZERLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR.—The fact of Lord Byron having written "The Prisoner of Chillon" at an inn at Ouchy, near Lausanne, has been often recorded; but I am sorry to say that the statement is generally accompanied by remarks that are altogether false and calculated to do a serious injury to the worthy proprietor of the hotel. One writer tells us that the poem was written at "a small inn," and a recent author, a Mr. J. T. Headley, says "at a mere hut of an inn." Who and what Mr. Headley is I neither know nor care; but I suspect he describes scenes that he has never visited and talks about matters that he only knows from hearsay. I have for some time past been residing on the shore of Lake Lemane, and I know with what interest every spot is visited that is associated with the name of Byron. I also know that pilgrims to Ouchy have stayed at Lausanne instead of taking up their quarters at Ouchy, because the inn was a "miserable hut." Now what is the fact, sir? The "Ancre" at Ouchy is a large hotel, that was formerly a Swiss chateau! In Byron's time it was what it is now, a first class, well-conducted commodious house! It is also an error to suppose that Byron was "compelled" to seek shelter at Ouchy by "stress of weather," as another writer states. He resided there for weeks together, always occupying the same suite of apartments, viz., those on the first floor, and which are numbered 19. On one of the window-sills may be seen, in Byron's "cutting," the following inscription:—

"1811 AOUT 7
HAUTEUR
DU LAC
19 pousces."

I am preparing a work on Switzerland, &c., in which I shall point out several blunders (or worse) of some recent scribes. In the interim I trust that the present communication may be the means of inducing a few of my countrymen not merely to visit "the Anchor," but to stay beneath the roof of what

Bradshaw truly says is "one of the best-conducted inns in Switzerland."

I am not aware whether the Anchor at Ouchy figures as a drawing in any edition of Byron: it ought to do so, for the place will be for ever inseparably connected with the poet's name; and a "picture" would do more than a thousand letters towards correcting the falsehoods about "small inns" and "huts." I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Nov. 19. A RECENT OCCUPIER OF "No. 19."

OBITUARY.

EAGLES, Rev. John, aged 71, at Bristol, Nov. 9. Mr. Eagles was for five-and-twenty years a contributor to *Blackwood*. He was born at Bristol, in 1784, and was educated at Winchester and Windham College, Oxford. His first curacy was Halberton, in Devonshire, where the Rev. Sydney Smith was his rector for five years. Mr. Eagles wrote in *Blackwood* under the signature of "Athenaeus," and the letters to "My Dear Ensenius;" his series of papers signed "The Sketcher," were also much admired.

HARDIMAN.—The Queen's College in Galway has just sustained a severe loss by the death of James Hardiman, M.R.L.A., Librarian to the College. He was an excellent Irish scholar, and favourably known as translator of "The Statutes of Kilkenny," author of the history of "Jar Connaught," and of the "Bardic Remains of Ireland." His love for Irish poetry was enthusiastic and remarkable—"Docilis modorum vatis;" and, though he was a most devoted Romanist, having been endowed a monastery in Mayo, he is very generally regretted by literary men of every creed and party. If Moore has rescued from oblivion in his melodies the ancient airs of Ireland, we are indebted to Hardiman for preserving and handing down to us many of the subjects of bardic minstrelsy—many a poetic fragment stamped with the image and superscription of ancient native genius.

WORTLEY, Lady Emmeline Stuart, at Beyrout, Oct. 29. On the 1st of May, while riding in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, her ladyship had the misfortune to have her leg fractured by the kick of a horse. Notwithstanding, however, the weakened state of her constitution, she undertook a journey from Beyrout to Aleppo, returning by an unfrequented road across the Lebanon to the former place. She reached Beyrout on the 26th of October; but, in spite of the unremitting attentions of Dr. Saquet, the French Government physician, and two other medical gentlemen, her frame was so weakened and exhausted by the excessive fatigue of the journey that she gradually sank.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Alfred Leslie, a Story of Glasgow Life, fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Arago's Popular Astronomy, tr. by Smith and Grant, Vol. I. 21s.
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Traveller's Lib.: Hutchinson's Narrative of the Niger Expedition, 2 parts, 1s. each; 1 vol. 2s. 6d. cl.
Tyrrell's (Rev. G. W.) Fellow-Travellers, sq. 16mo. 5s. cl.

WESTBOURNE COLLEGE, BAYSWATER.—An inaugural address delivered by the Rev. C. Mackenzie, Prebendary of St. Paul's, on the occasion of the opening of the new rooms, has lately been published. This institution has been founded to meet the educational wants of the vast and increasing suburban district of Bayswater, and is formed upon the collegiate model. The opening of these rooms was inaugurated by a short religious service, upon which occasion the address was delivered. In this the Reverend the Principal of the school alludes briefly yet clearly to many points with reference to education, which his own previous experience as Head Master of the St. Olave's Grammar School, Southwark, so well qualified him to do. After glancing at the ancient and modern systems, he observed, with regard to the recent modifications of the educational courses at the Universities, that "the real reason for the Universities elevating their standard at examinations and improving the machinery for instruction may be found in the improved condition of the boys who came up from the great public schools." Now every one knows the expense of these great schools is beyond the reach of many, and hence the necessity of establishing other schools such as this at Bayswater, where the inhabitants might secure the same educational advantages at a moderate rate. He adverted then to one chief fault of the great public schools, viz., that the system was too general, all the pupils being treated alike, and referring to the amelioration which had taken place, and the credit of which he thought had been attributed too exclusively to Dr. Arnold. He added, "At least, Arnold introduced one practice which had been comparatively rare. If I understand his secret aright, he individualised and sympathised more than any master before him, more extensively, if not more truly. He seemed to know every boy's thoughts, and to feel for his trials. Doubtless many were thrown aside as unmanageable or unprofitable; but who than he was more distinguished for the number and success of his pupils? A deep religious conviction that he incurred a moral responsibility by undertaking their education made him anxious to fulfil this sacred charge to the uttermost, and he traded with each talent till it had produced its corresponding two, five, or ten talents more, according to its intrinsic worth." Such, indeed, is the proper basis for education, where individualising meets the necessities of each case, and sympathy wins the heart of each pupil. It is the master himself that gives the tone and character to the studies of the place, and those who know the Principal will feel, in this instance at least, that the right man is in the right place.

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DR. ARNOTT'S SMOKE-CONSUMING GRATE, strongly recommended in the Report of the Board of Health, recently laid before Parliament, is manufactured by F. EDWARDS, SON, and Co., 42, Poland-street, Oxford-street, where may be seen in daily use. F. E. and Co. are now supplying these grates for every description of apartments, and in consequence of the new Patent Fences Carriage Candles. The appearance and use of the Prospectuses, with testimonials, sent on application.

IMPORTANT.—SMOKEY CHIMNEYS EFFECTUALLY CURED.—F. HEINKE, 103, Great Portland-street, Portland-place, begs to acquaint the nobility, gentry, and public that he undertakes to CURE any SMOKEY CHIMNEY, however badly it may be constructed, upon an entirely new and scientific principle, for which no charge will be made if not successful. Numerous references.

IMPROVED DASHBOARD LAMPS, made so that they can be instantly affixed to the Dashboard of any Gig, Drag, or other description of Vehicle, and can be as quickly removed and used for a Hand-Lamp in the stable. They are adapted for burning the new Patent Fences Carriage Candles. The appearance and effect are equal to that of a carriage lamp of superior finish, but the price being less than half, these lamps are placed within the reach of every person requiring a light when driving. Price 12s. 6d. each, at any of the Lamp-Dealers, or the Patentees, S. CLARKE, 55, Albany-street, Regent's-park, London.

BURGULARS DEFEATED. CHUBB'S GUNPOWDER-PROOF SAFES. 9, Cousin-lane, Upper Thames-street, London, July 6, 1855. Gentlemen.—The safe you fixed here some years ago has indeed proved a good one, and done good service. Last week some thieves broke into our office, and tried their hands upon it. First they seem to have used their crowbars, and then gunpowder, but both proved vain; for money, bills, and deeds were all safe enough in your "Safe," and under your lock and key. We have great pleasure in informing you of this, of which you can make any use you please. We are, gentlemen, your obedient servants, JAS. NICHOLSON and Co. Messrs. Chubb and Son, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard.

POPE'S TEA WAREHOUSE, 26, Pavement, Finsbury, London. POPE and COMPANY strongly recommend the following descriptions of Tea and Coffee as the best and most economical that can be purchased:—

Best Congou Tea... 3 8	Best Young Hyson Tea... 4 8
Best Souchong Tea... 4 0	Best Gunpowder Tea... 5 4
Best Assam Souchong Tea... 4 4	Best Plantation Coffee... 1 4
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Lower prices kept. Price Lists on application. Two pounds' worth of Tea or Coffee forwarded free to all parts of England.

PURE TEA.—In packets of 2 oz. and upwards, at 4s. per lb. for cash. **THE EMPRESS OF CHINA'S TEA,** consisting of various sorts of really fine Tea, well matured, and so judiciously blended, that great favour and strength are most happily combined. Each packet bears certificate that it is GENUINE and UNADULTERATED TEA.

MOORE and Co., Little Tower-street, London. Sold by the following Tea-Dealers:—Sharpe, Gracechurch-street; Pinks, Finsbury; Gowland, Stockwell; Child, Norwood; Stinks, Sydenham; Busby, Peckham; Steele and Co., Richmond; Mayle, Twickenham; Taylor, Staines; Harmsworth, Surbiton-hill; Brook, Blackheath-hill; Bradbury and Sons, Brentford; Ealing, and Harwell. 1lb. sample sent carriage free to any part of London if 4s. in stamps are sent to Moore and Co. Agents wanted where none are appointed.

TO THE CLERGY, PROFESSIONAL MEN, and OTHERS.—The Oxford Mixed Doeklin Trousers, price 21s. The Stratus Coat Caneel Vest, price 12s. Stock for choice or to measure.—S. BATTAM, Coat and Trousers Maker, 100, Tottenham-court-road, four doors south of Shoobred and Co.'s. Patterns of the materials, and directions for making, sent free per post.

BLACK! BLACK! BLACK!—SAMUEL OSMOND and Co., Dyers, 8, Ivy-lane, Newgate-street, London, inform the public they have made arrangements for DYEING BLACK for MOURNING every WEDNESDAY, and returning the same in a few days when required. French Merino and Cashmere dresses dyed colours that look equal to new. Bed furniture and Drawing-room suites cleaned or dyed and finished. Shawls, Dresses, and Cloaks of every description cleaned, and the colours preserved. Established above a century.

TO LOVERS OF FISH—100 genuine YARMOUTH BLOATERS for 6s. Package included. These highly esteemed delicacies and cheap articles are forwarded to parties, on receipt of penny Postage Stamps, or Post-office order (preferred). Send full and plain directions, county and nearest station.

Address to THOMAS LETTIS, Jun., Fish-curer, Great Yarmouth. "This is the third season Mr. Lettis has supplied us with Yarmouth Bloaters, and we find the quality excellent.—J. Brashaw, house-steward, Blenheim-palace, Oct. 20, 1854."

"Mr. Lettis,—As soon as you send out your genuine Bloaters, I shall be sure to supply you as usual: I had last year sent you great satisfaction.—A. F. Courour, Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace, Oct. 1, 1855."

CAUTION.—TO TRADESMEN, MERCHANTS, SHIPPERS, OUTFITTERS, &c.—Whereas it has lately come to my knowledge, that some unprincipled person or persons have, for some time past, been imposing upon the public, by selling to the trade and others a spurious article, under the name of BOND'S PERMANENT MARKING INK. This is to give notice, that I am the original and sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the said Ink, and do not employ any traveller, or authorise any person to represent himself as coming from my Establishment for the purpose of selling the said Ink.

This Caution is published by me to prevent further imposition upon the public, and serious injury to myself.—E. R. BOND, Sole Executrix and Widow of the late JOHN BOND, 28, Long-lane, West Smithfield, London.

To avoid disappointment from the substitution of counterfeits, be careful to ask for the genuine Bond's Permanent Marking Ink, and further to distinguish it, observe that NO SIXPENNY SIZE is, or has at any time been prepared by him, the Inventor and Proprietor.

THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and OTHERS.—ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY, for making Superior Barley Water in Fifteen Minutes, has not only obtained the patronage of Her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light food for infants and invalids; much approved for making a delicious Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS for more than thirty years have been held in constant and increasing public estimation as the purest farinæ of the oat, and as the best and most valuable preparation for making a pure and delicate Gruel, which forms a light and nutritious food for the aged, is a popular recipe for colds and coughs, is of general use in the sick chamber, and, alternately with the Patent Barley, is an excellent food for Infants and Children.

Prepared only by the Patentees, ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, and Co., Purveyors to the Queen, 64, Red Lion-street, Holborn, London.

The Proprietors of Robinson's Patent Barley and Patent Groats, desirous that the public shall at all times purchase these preparations in a perfectly sweet and fresh condition, respectfully inform the public that every packet is now completely enveloped in the purest Tin Foil, which is the best and most secure paper wrapping.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Cansisters, at 2s., 5s. and 10s. each.

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

TESTIMONIAL FROM DR. LETHBRIDGE, Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in the Medical College of the London Hospital, Chemical Referee to the Corporation of London, Medical Officer of Health to the City of London, &c. &c. "I have frequently had occasion to analyse the Cod Liver Oil which is sold at your establishment. I mean that variety which is prepared for medicinal use in the Loffoden Isles, Norway, and sent into commerce with the sanction of Dr. DE JONGH, of the Hague.

"In cases of persons possessing the same set of properties, among which the presence of choleate compounds and of iodine in a state of organic combination are the most remarkable; in fact, the Oil corresponds in all its characters with that named 'Huile brune,' and described as the best variety in the masterly treatise of Dr. DE JONGH.

"It is, I believe, universally acknowledged that this description of Oil has great therapeutic power; and, from my investigations, I have no doubt of its being a pure and unadulterated article."

"College Laboratory, London Hospital, Sept. 24, 1855."

Sold ONLY in bottles, capsuled and labelled with Dr. De Jongh's Signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE, by ANSAI, HARFORD, and Co., 77, STRAND, LONDON. Dr. de Jongh's sole Consignees; and by most respectable Chemists in town and country.

Half-pints (10 oz.), 2s. 6d.; Pints (20 oz.), 4s. 9d.; Quarts (40 oz.), 9s. IMPERIAL MEASURE.

ADNAM'S Improved Patent Groats and Barley.

THE ONLY EXISTING PATENT. And Strongly Recommended by the Medical Profession.

TO INVALIDS, MOTHERS, and FAMILIES.—The important object, so desirable to be obtained, has at length been secured to the Public by J. C. ADNAM, Patentee, who, after much time and attention, have succeeded by their Improved Process in producing preparations of the purest and finest quality ever manufactured from the Oat and Barley.

To enumerate the many advantages derived by the Public from the use of the Improved Patent Groats is not the intention of the Patentee; suffice it to say that, by the process of manufacture, the acidity and unpleasant flavour so generally complained of in other preparations is totally obliterated, and every superior Gruel speedily made therefrom. It is particularly recommended to those of conservative constitution. Ladies, and Children; and the healthy and strong will find it an excellent Luncheon or Supper.

The Barley, being prepared by a similar process, is as pure as can be manufactured, and is adapted to produce a light and nourishing Food for Infants and the Aged; and to contain all the necessary properties for making a delicious pudding. It has also the distinguishing character for making very superior Barley Water, and will be found a most excellent ingredient for thickening Soup, &c.

A report having been circulated that preparations of so white a character could not be produced from Groats and Barley alone, the Patentee, M.D. F.R.S., &c., for an analysis to establish the fact, a copy of which is subjoined:—

"Chemical Laboratory, Guy's Hospital, February 19, 1855."

"I have submitted to a microscopical and chemical examination the samples of Barley-meal and Groats which you have forwarded to me, and I beg to inform you that I find in them only those principles which are found in good Barley; there is no mineral or other impurity present, and from the result of my investigation, I believe them to be genuine, and to possess those nutritive properties assigned by the late Dr. Pereira to this description of food."

(Signed) A. S. TAYLOR.

"Messrs. ADNAM and Co." CAUTION.—To prevent error, the Public are requested to observe that each Package bears the Signature of the PATENTEE, J. C. ADNAM.

To be obtained Wholesale at the Manufactory, Malden-lane, Queen-street, London; and Retail by the Patentee, J. C. ADNAM, 64, Red Lion-street, and in Cansisters for Families at 2s., 5s., and 10s. each of all respectable Grocers, Druggists, &c. in Town and Country.

HEAL and SON'S EIDER DOWN QUILTS also GOOSE DOWN QUILTS, from 8s. 6d. to 24s. List of prices and sizes sent free by post. 196, Tottenham-court-road.

STEEL BISCUITS.—F. ALLARTON'S PATENT FERRUGINOUS BISCUIT is unequalled as a Chalybeate Diet for Invalids and Children. Each Biscuit contains a suitable quantity of Iron, and is stamped with the Patentee's name. Sold in boxes, 2s. 6d. and 5s. each, at F. ALLARTON'S, 254, High-street, Southwark.

CHEAP and PURE BREAD.—JAMES WHITE, of 266, High Holborn, informs the Public that they may obtain Cheap and Pure Bread by Grinding their own Corn in one of his celebrated EMIGRANT'S FLOUR MILLS. The grinding and dressing are one operation; the cost of a four-pound loaf at the present high price of wheat being but sixpence halfpenny.

THE PEN SUPERSEDED.—Mark your Pen.—The most easy, permanent, and best method of marking Linnen, Cotton, Books, &c. with the PATENT ELECTRO SILVER PLATES, by means of which 1000 articles can be marked in 10 minutes. Any person can use them. Initial plate, 1s.; name, 2s. crests, 4s.; set of numbers, 2s. Sent free, for stamps, by the Inventor, T. CULLETON, Heraldic Engraver to the Royal Family, 2, Long-acre, one door from St. Martin's-lane. No higher price charged. Caution.—Copy the right address.

SISAL CIGARS! SISAL CIGARS!! at GOODRICH'S CIGAR, TOBACCO, and SNUFF STORES (established 1750), 407, Oxford-street, London, near Soho-square. Box, containing 14 fine Sisal Cigars, for 1s. 9d.; post-free, 27 stamps. None are genuine unless signed "H. N. GOODRICH."

HOW TO TEST a MERSCHAUM PIPE.—Draw a silver coin across it; if pure, there will be no line; if spurious, the gyprous nature of the pipe will take a mark from the silver like a pencil on paper. Imitation pipes are imported and sold as new Merschaum, &c. The only reliable pipes are the Pure Vienna Merschaums, which are cut from solid blocks of Merschaum and prepared by an improved method, which entirely prevents the unpleasant flavour usual with a new pipe, and ensures a brilliant colour. The prices are greatly reduced, with cases complete, 3s. 10d., 5s., &c. up to 10 guineas. Imported by J. F. VARELY and Co., 364, Oxford-street, exactly opposite the Princess's Theatre, Cigar Merchants and Manufacturers of the celebrated Virginia Shag, 5s. per lb., and Havannah Shag, 4s. 6d. respectively, full, rich and mild delicate flavour—the finest Tobacco ever cut.

THE HAVANNAH STORES.

THE CANROBERT CAPE, with Sleeves, Light, Warm, and Waterproof, just introduced by Messrs. POULSON and COMPANY, Merchant Tailors, 94, Regent-street, price One Guinea. The Improved Elastic Winter Trousers at the same price; and the Registered fashionable Over Frock Coat, Two Guineas.

DOYLEY'S-BABB and CO., ARMY-CLOTHIERS, and SCOTCH WOOLLEN WAREHOUSEMEN, the noted houses of Doyley, Babb, and Co., Plaid, Table Covers, and D'Oyley's. Every article of Gentlemen's Clothing, Waterproof Overcoats, Liveries, &c., at a reduced scale of charges for cash. The New Patent Safety Cap for Travellers, 3s. 6d.—346, Strand, Waterloo-bridge.

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THE FORTY-SEVEN SHILLING SUITS.—The 16s. TROUSERS reduced to 14s.; Trousers and Waistcoat, 22s.; Coat, Waistcoat, and Trousers, 47s.—made to order from Scotch Heather, and Cheviot Tweeds, all wool and thoroughly shrank.

The TWO-GUINEA DRESS or FROCK-COAT, the Guinea Dress of the celebrated Virginia Shag, made to order by B. BEN JAMIN, MERCHANT TAILOR, 74, REGENT-STREET, for quality, style, and workmanship, cannot be equalled by any house in the kingdom. N.B.—A perfect fit guaranteed.

NEW OVERSHOES.—The GUTTA PERCHA COMPANY have much pleasure in drawing the attention of Military Men and the public generally to their newly invented FRENCH SABOT, and also to their BRITISH GOLOSH.

These new and elegant Overshoes possess many advantages over all others yet introduced, combining CLEANLINESS with LIGHTNESS and ECONOMY, and not confining the perspiration of the foot. Manufactured and sold wholesale by the Gutta Percha Company, Patentees, 18, Wharf-road, City-road, London. Retail by Gutta Percha Dealers and Boot and Shoemakers in town and country.

BEAUTIFUL CLEAN LINEN.—W. G. NIXEY'S CHEMICAL EXTRACT OF FULLER'S EARTH saves soap and labour, the hands from chapping, and the linen from destruction. Sold by Grocers, Chemists, and Oilmen in packets 6d. each.

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FITCH and SON'S CELEBRATED BREAKFAST BACON, AND FIRST-CLASS PROVISION WAREHOUSE.

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The 15-side, of 30lbs., at 9d. per lb. The Middle piece, of 12lbs., at 9d. per lb.

Fitch and Son have also the honour to offer the following choice articles, extraordinary for their rare quality:—York Hams, of Choice Flavour. Well Pickled Butter for Winter Store.

All articles are securely packed for travelling, and delivered free throughout London, and at the railway termini. Prepayment, or a reference in town, is requested with orders from the country.

Post-office orders to be made payable at the chief office; and these, together with cheques, may be crossed with the name of Fitch and Son's bankers, Sir J. W. Lubbock and Co.

FITCH and SON, Provision Merchants and Importers, 66, Bishopsgate-within, London. (Established 1794.)

TEETH.—HOW YOU MAY PRESERVE THEM TO EXTREME OLD AGE.—Read Mr. THOMAS LUKYN'S little Book, containing his Receipts for the Beauty and Preservation of the Teeth, with remarks on supplying their loss.—Free by post on receipt of a stamp.—4, Upper George-street, Brynaston-square, London.

A NEW DISCOVERY.—MR. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street, has introduced an entirely NEW DESCRIPTION of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural Teeth as not to be distinguishable from the original by the closest observer; they will NEVER CHANGE COLOUR or DECAY, and will be found very superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots or any painful operation, and will give support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication.—Decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.—52, Fleet-street. At home from Ten till Five.

BALDNESS PREVENTED by using CHILD'S FRICTION HAIR BRUSH. They stimulate the skin of the head; the more the head is brushed the more healthy will be the skin and its functions, thereby strengthening the growth of the hair.—To be had of all Perfumers and Brush Dealers, and wholesale at the factory, 21, Providence-row, Finsbury; and retail, South Gallery, Crystal Palace.

HAIR RESTORED and BALDNESS PREVENTED, by PERCY'S DIAMOND HAIR RESTORER. One application prevents the hair from falling off or turning gray, and by its use the short weak hair on the head apparently bald commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Sold in bottles, with full directions for use, 3s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. each. To be had only of THOMAS PERRY, 12 and 13, Burlington-arcade, Piccadilly. The hair cut and washed on the ovi-lavatory system. A private room for each gentleman.

TWINBERRY'S DANDELION, CAMOMILE, and RHUBARB PILLS, an effectual cure of indigestion, all stomach complaints, and liver affections. In cases of constipation these pills never fail in producing a healthy and permanent action of the bowels, so that in a short time aperients will not be required; and, being quite as innocent as castor oil, they may be given to children. Prepared by TWINBERRY, Operative and Dispensing Chemist, 2, Edwards-street, Portman-square, London; and may be had of all other Patent Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom; Scott, Thomson, and Co., Calcutta; Roberts and Co., Paris; Picken and Co., Boulogne.

LADIES' and CHILDREN'S UNDER-CLOTHING, BABY LINEN, and WEDDING OUTFITS. The Favourite Chemist, good quality, 2s. each; French buck Night-dress, feathered frills, 3s. 9d.; Tucked Drawers, 1s. 9d.; Girls' Long-cloth Chemises, in seven sizes, 7d. to 16d.; Girls' Tucked Drawers, four sizes, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 9d.; Girls' Frilled Night-gowns, five sizes, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.; Boys' Longcloth Drawers, three sizes, 10d., 10½d., 11d. BABY LINEN.—Bereaux-nets, trimmed, 18s., 23s., 30s.; Baskets, Night-caps, 8d. to 1s. 6d.; Lawn Shifts, 3d. to 6d.; Monthly Gowns, 2s. 6d. to 6s.; Babies' Cloaks, 10s. to 30s.; Hoods, 2s. 6d. to 6d.; Satin Hats and Bonnets, 4s. to 10s. 6d.

For WEDDING OUTFITS, handsomely trimmed Chemises, white, Clarendon, Eva, Madeline, Duchess, Royal, &c., 4s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. each; ditto Night Dresses, Tavistock, Edith, Doro, Eugenie, Sutherland, and others, 5s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. each. All of the best materials, fashion, and needwork. Detailed Price Lists by post. Housfield, London.

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PURE EXTRACT OF ENGLISH LAVENDER FLOWERS, as supplied to the Royal Family, the Ministre d'Etat, &c. &c. This delicious and refreshing Extract is recommended to all who love a good English perfume, and will be found more fragrant and lasting than any hitherto offered to the public. Sold by Messrs. ATKINSON, Perfumers, &c. New Bond-street; Messrs. HOWELL and JAMES, Regent-street; Mr. MUMFORD, Chemist, &c. Bathurst-street, Sussex-square; and the Proprietor, Distiller and Cultivator of Lavender, Hitchin, Herts. In Bottles at 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 13s.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS famous for LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Captain Wedderburne, of H.M.'s 33rd Regiment, states in a letter to Professor Holloway that he has great pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficacy of his Pills: having tried them during a long residence in a tropical climate, being a great sufferer from Liver Complaints, he always found the greatest relief from Holloway's Pills, the only efficient medicine he ever used, therefore he should be happy at all times to satisfy any one of the good effects they have invariably had on him. Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World; at PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S establishments, 214, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. STAMPA, Constantinople; A. GUIDLEY, Smyrna; and H. HODS, Malta.

KNOW THYSELF.—The secret art of discovering the true CHARACTER of INDIVIDUALS, from the peculiarities of their HANDWRITING, has long been practised by MARIE COUPELLE, with astonishing success. Her startling delineations are both full and detailed, differing from anything hitherto attempted. All persons wishing to "know themselves," or any friend in whose they are interested, send a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age, inclosing 15 penny post stamps, to Miss Couppelle, 69, Castle-street, Oxford-street, London, and they will receive, in a few days, a minute detail of the mental and moral qualities, talents, tastes, affections, virtues, &c. of the writer, with many other things hitherto unsuspected. "I am pleased with the accurate description you have given of myself,"—Miss Jones. "My friends pronounce it to be faithful,"—Mr. C. Gordon. "Your skill is certainly wonderful,"—Mr. G. Gadsby.

SIR JAMES MURRAY'S FLUID MAGNERIA, prepared under the immediate care of the Inventor, and established for upwards of thirty years by the Profession, for removing BILE, ACIDITIES, and INDIGESTION, restoring APPETITE, preserving a moderate state of the bowels, and dissolving uric acid in GRAVEL and GOUT; also as an easy remedy for SEA SICKNESS, and for the febrile affection incident to childhood, it is invaluable. On the value of Magnesia as a remedial agent it is unnecessary to enlarge; but the Fluid Preparation of Sir James Murray is now the most valued by the Profession, as it entirely avoids the possibility of those dangerous concretions usually resulting from the use of the article in powder.—Sold by the sole Consignee, Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY, of Wolverhampton; and by all wholesale and retail Druggists and Medicine Agents throughout the British Empire, in bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.—The Acidulated Syrup in bottles, 2s. each. N.B. Be sure to ask for "Sir James Murray's Preparation," and to see that his name is stamped on each label, in green ink, as follows:—"James Murray, Physician to the Lord Lieutenant."

VALUABLE REMEDIES for the AFFLICTED.—DR. ROBERTS'S celebrated OINTMENT, called the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty years standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, scorbatic eruptions, and pimples on the face, sore and inflamed eyes, sore heads, sore breasts, piles, fistula, and cancerous humours, and is a specific for those afflicting eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination. Sold in pots, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. Also 6s.

PILULE ANTISCORPHULE, confirmed by more than forty years' experience to be, without exception, one of the best alterative medicines ever compounded for purifying the blood, and restoring nature in all her operations. Hence they are used in scrofula, scorbatic complaints, glandular swellings, particularly those of the neck, &c. They are a most valuable and superior Family Aperient, and may be taken at all times without continuance or change of diet. Sold in boxes, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s.—Sold wholesale by the Proprietors, BEACH and BARNICOOT, at their Dispensary, Bridport, by the London Houses. Retail by all respectable Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom.—Observe, no Medicine sold under the above name can possibly be genuine, unless "Beach and Barnicoot, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each package.

SLACK'S NICKEL SILVER is the hardest and most perfect white metal ever invented, and in use retains its silvery appearance. Made into every article for the Table, as Spoons, Forks, Candlesticks, Crest Frames, Tea Pots, &c., at one-twelfth the price of Silver. A sample Tea Spoon will be sent on receipt of ten postage-stamps.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Strongest Fiddle.	Thread King's Pattern.
Table Spoons and Forks ...	per doz. 12s. and 15s.	per doz. 19s.	per doz. 28s. 30s.
Desert ditto ...	10s. and 13s.	16s.	21s. 25s.
Tea Spoons ...	5s. and 6s.	8s.	11s. 12s.

SLACK'S NICKEL ELECTRO-PLATED is a coating of Pure Silver over Nickel; a combination of two metals possessing such valuable properties renders it in appearance and wear equal to Sterling Silver.

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Table Forks ...	£ s. d. 10 0 2 0 0	£ s. d. 2 16 0 3 4 0
Desert ditto ...	10 0 2 0 0	2 0 0 2 6 0
Table Spoons ...	10 0 2 0 0	2 18 0 3 6 0
Desert ditto ...	10 0 1 10 0	2 2 0 2 7 6
Tea Spoons ...	0 12 0 0 18 0	1 5 6 1 11 6

SLACK'S TABLE CUTLERY and FURNISHING IRONMONGERY has been celebrated for nearly fifty years for quality and cheapness. As the limits of an advertisement will not allow a detailed list, purchasers are requested to send for their Catalogue with 200 Drawings, and prices of every requisite in Electro Plate, Table Cutlery, Furnishing Ironmongery, &c. May be had gratis, or free by post. Orders above 2s. sent carriage free.

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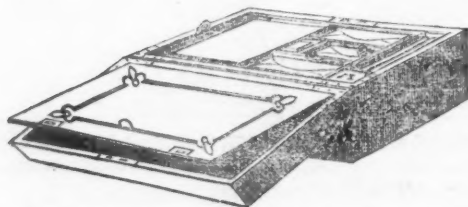
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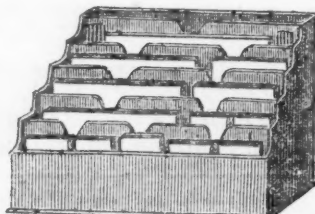
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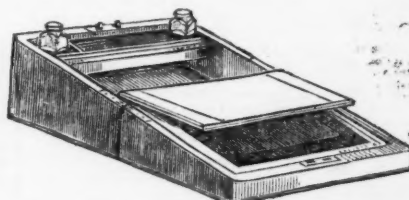
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